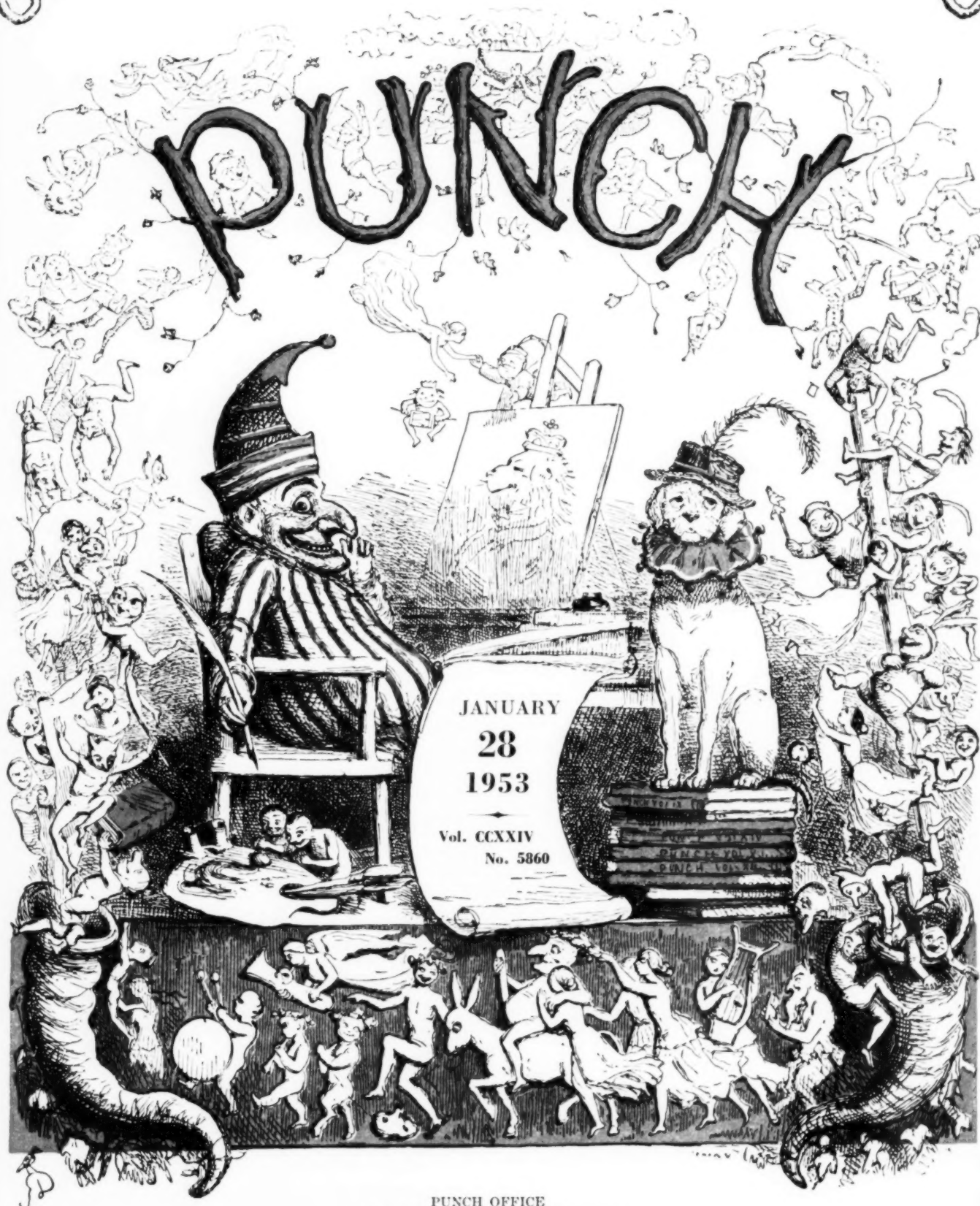


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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28 1953

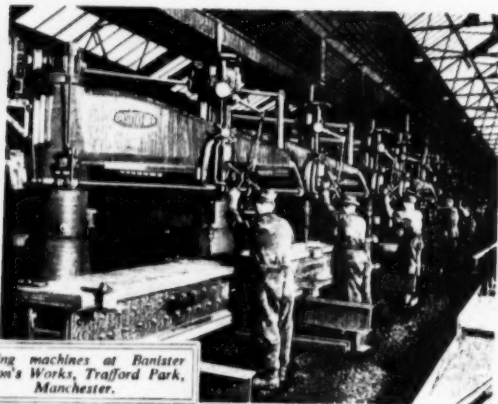
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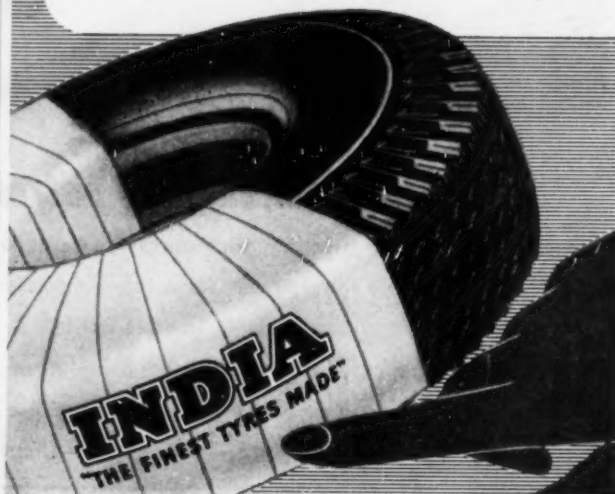
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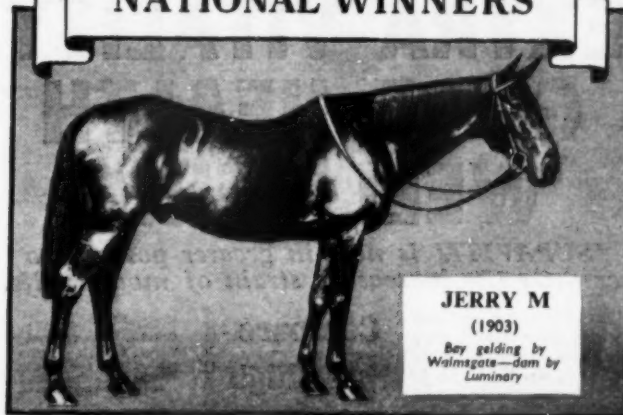
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Mayfair **Royale**

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**"This is marvellous tea—
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"Quite the reverse! It's most economical!"

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"1/4d. per quarter lb. That works out at a little more than 1/4d. a cup."

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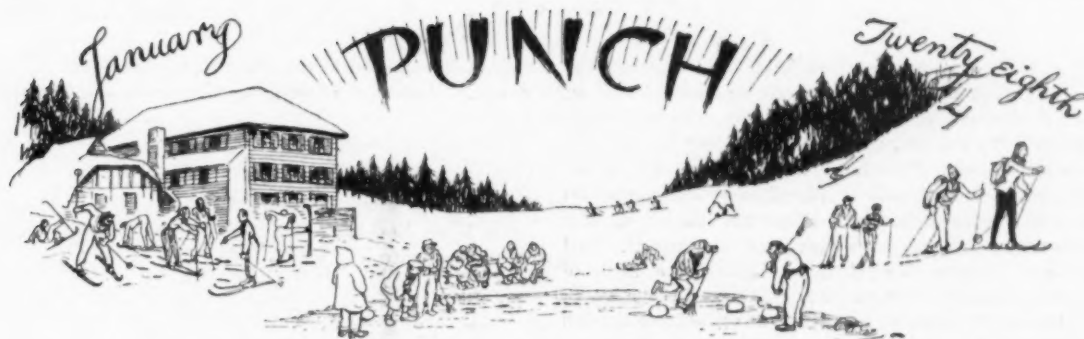
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CHARIVARIA

WHEN prehistoric man made fire for the first time he was no doubt proud and surprised; later experiments with the wheel, the rude hut, the bow and arrow and even, in its earlier stages, the internal combustion engine filled him with self-congratulatory astonishment. But in an age of wonders the capacity for wonderment declines at last, and the recent announcement by Mr. Peter Masfield, chairman of British European Airways, that a machine may soon carry five hundred human beings across the Atlantic ocean, faster than sound and eight miles high, in less than an hour, drew practically no comment at all from the crowded lounges of fogbound airports.

"CORONATION HOMELETS FOR THE OLD FOLK"
Brighton Evening Argus

Fine. But remember the price of heggs.

Residents in the Regent's Park district, learning that new arrivals at the Zoo include a rare black howler monkey whose voice carries a mile, feel that it could be rarer.

Though there has been no confirmation of reports that a Bolder Britain policy was urged upon Mr. Churchill in America, news from the Middle East suggests that the tip was not only given but taken. Major Saleh Salem, envoy of General Neguib, had no

sooner concluded with Sudanese political leaders the agreement which threatened to react so unfavourably on Anglo-Egyptian relations, than his pilot was seized at Wadi Seidna airport and cautioned about two low-flying offences.

Ballerina's Wise Decision

"Miss Beryl Grey has a chill and will not be in Covent Garden's Swan Lake for a few days."—*Daily Mail*

"Astronomers believe that as the sun enters upon old age it may undergo a series of wild explosions . . . A few hours after the sun has bared its pitiless interior fires, the atmosphere of the side of the earth facing the sun will be ablaze . . . the very mountains will melt and course into the valleys in cataracts of incandescent rock. When the solar tempest has subsided, the earth will be a cinder, dwarfed and featureless . . . destined to circle a while longer round its dying sun . . ."

Science article in *Life*

"It was very interesting to read about the pet kinkajou belonging to Herman Jenson of Los Angeles. I enclose a picture of my kinkajou, Muchacha, nibbling on some flowers. She likes roses and sweet peas, but bananas are her basic diet. She came to me from Ecuador 13 years ago and is now, I think, one of the oldest kinkajous in the country. In her friskier days she ran up the curtains and trotted across the valance, but now she prefers to drowse all day and most of the night too . . ."

Reader's letter in *Life*

Sort of "Oh, what the heck" attitude, you might say?

Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, who recently launched a spirited attack on the outmoded forms of our Coronation

GALLERY



ceremonial, letting fly with especial deadliness against the "doomed and almost damned" aristocracy still, in this democratic age, dominating the occasion, must be regretting the zeal which sent him, only half-armed, into the breach. Had he waited a couple of days for the reports on President Eisenhower's inauguration (which was prefaced by a fifty-star, floodlit variety entertainment and later involved dog-teams, Red Indians, hillbilly bands, three elephants, a flock of pigeons, Miss Drum Majorette of 1952 and the lassoing of the central figure by a cowboy) he could have thrown out a few constructive suggestions.

A poll of Australian opinion puts the best age to marry at twenty-five for men and twenty-three for women. Men who hang back a year or two will find that the gap has widened.

The Metropolitan Police have announced that from Monday, June 1 to Saturday, June 6, coaches

will not be allowed in the West End of London. It is thought that one exception may be made on the Tuesday.

A street musician claims to have entertained the same West End theatre queue for thirty-three years. He'll feel quite lost when it gets in.

"At a special meeting of the Edinburgh Geological Society, Professor H. H. Read, F.R.S., Imperial College, London, gave an address on the geology of the Inach Igneous Mass in Aberdeenshire. This great igneous body is made up of two gabbro units. One is a differentiated suite varying from peridotite and troctolite through olivine-gabbro to a syenitic red rock, and is clearly a result of differentiation in place. The second unit is a hypersthene-gabbro interpreted as arising from a gabbro magma contaminated in depth. Other parts of the igneous mass are made by granite and syenite which have mixed with the basic material to give dioritic rocks. The contacts of the Inach body are considered to be roof except in the south-west, where a dislocation-belt, characterized by the occurrence of mylonitization and brecciation, the appearance of serpentine pods, and the . . ."—*The Scotsman*

Mon, mon—hae ye nae word o' uranium?

FARE WORSE

"WHEN the fare to an intermediate station"—according to the Transport Executive bye-laws—"exceeds the fare to a more distant station, no person shall, for the purpose of travelling to such intermediate station, take or use or attempt to use a ticket for the more distant station with intent to avoid payment of the additional fare to such intermediate station."

"To ensure that he doesn't, and with intent to avoid necessity for a complicated bye-law, it might be better, wouldn't you imagine, to reorganize the fares, so that the anomaly doesn't arise?"

"I expect it results from cheap day tickets. What is, I think, though, an interesting point is if a person, for the purpose of travelling to the more distant station not the intermediate station, should take or use or attempt to use a ticket for the intermediate station—what then?"

"I'm not sure that I follow you."

"Persons who travel or attempt to travel to more distant stations than their tickets entitle them to travel to, get into trouble—you agree

with me there? I'm only wondering if it applies when the fare to the intermediate station exceeds the fare to the more distant station."

"So far as they've paid the fare,



"Aha! I've got one of those, too."

and more, I should think they can travel to the more distant station."

"But the station on the ticket is still the intermediate station. When the fare to the intermediate station—I expect this is the answer—exceeds the fare to the more distant station, no person shall, for the purpose of travelling to such more distant station, take or use or attempt to use a ticket for the intermediate station except on the condition, and it is hereby expressly and formally provided, that having arrived at the more distant station he shall immediately cross over and come back." G. A. C. WITHERIDGE

Lines Composed Under the Influence of Strong Emotion

MY garage has a sliding door,
And I have caught my finger
in it.

I used to boast of it before
("My garage has a sliding door");
It doesn't thrill me any more,
It lost its charm in half a minute.
My garage has a *!?!* door,
AND I HAVE CAUGHT MY FINGER
IN IT!

* Sliding?

G. D. R. DAVIES

A MODEST PROPOSAL

WE of the Lower House reassembled last week, and projects for the reform of our procedure are in the air. Let us consider the wisest and most authoritative of them. Lecky, the great historian, sat in the House of Commons for a number of years in the nineteenth century and was bored stiff there because no one would allow him to talk about politics, in which he was very interested. He gave it as his opinion that "most of the duties of a Member of Parliament could be better performed by a fairly intelligent poodle-dog." Any day now I may be lucky in the ballot for a Private Member's Bill, and, as the only Private Member's Bills, almost without exception, that ever find favour with the House are bills about animals, I have naturally, in wise prevision against that day, been turning over in my mind the arguments for and against opening the back benches of the House to poodle-dogs.

There would, I think it will be agreed, be no difficulty at all about the election in the constituencies. The personality of the candidate is already so completely a matter of indifference to the voter that it would be nothing but relief to him to make his choice between two poodle-dogs, each with the appropriate label round its neck, rather than between two human beings. The only question is whether poodle-dogs, when they got to the House, would make better Members than human beings or not.

Ill-instructed and unthinking critics often tell us that it would be more healthy if Members of Parliament were allowed to speak and to vote in accordance with their convictions. But those who have a more sophisticated understanding of how Parliament works, and alone *can* work, reply with truth that a Parliament in which there was no party organization would be chaos, that no Prime Minister would take the responsibility of government unless he had some assurance that he would be supported by the House in the measures which he thought necessary for the country's salvation.

This is unquestionably so, and the conclusion that follows from it is that, since the House of Commons is no longer to have any say in deciding either who shall be the Government or what measures it shall pass, both its debates and its votes are a waste of time. Yet we must have Parliament, for Parliament is a part of our English way of life.

What is far less clear is whether we need have human beings in it. When every precaution has been taken, there always remains with human beings a certain final risk that some untutored Peeping Tom will shout out

that the Emperor has no clothes. I remember well how once on a Standing Committee the Chairman, having got into some confusion about the way in which the amendments should be put, said "All those in favour say 'No.'" The Under-Secretary of State for Home Affairs said "No," and the Chairman answered "The Ayes have it." Everyone was perfectly satisfied except for a tiresome zealot of an Independent who asked for an explanation of what had happened. It was a lesson which I have never forgotten of the danger of having human beings in Parliament.

On the other hand, if all that the Government wishes is to get its business through as quickly as possible with as little speech-making as possible, if all that the Opposition wishes is to have back-bench supporters who will interrupt the Prime Minister with zoological noises, is it not in every way more reasonable

to send animals to Parliament rather than to play around with this absurd half-way house of human beings who behave like animals? It is true that there is room for a difference of opinion over which animals should be sent—that is a fair committee point. The wilder animals would be too dangerous. A Senator from the Ivory Coast was recently eaten alive by his constituents, and no Government, with the present tenuous majorities, could reasonably be expected to take the risk of having one of its Whips eaten by its back-bench supporters. Besides, on a mere point of order, how many does it count on a division if two go into the lobby and only one comes out? No, on the whole I am for dogs.

"A fairly intelligent poodle-dog," said Professor Lecky; and the intelligence is important. No one should entertain for a moment the revolutionary suggestion of admitting to membership dim-witted or untrained mongrels. But a trained poodle-dog, if superior to a human being on the floor of the House, would be even more clearly superior in the division lobby. To go through a door in obedience to its master's voice—what enemy of animals would suggest that this is beyond the capacity of a poodle?

The only trouble that I can foresee is that of pairing. At present the only excuse for which the Whips will let Members out of the House is when two of them are to argue with one another in a political debate on the B.B.C. There would obviously be no difficulty at all in the dogs' taking part in the B.B.C. debate. Listeners, if they noticed the difference, would prefer it. But could the Whips have a sufficient guarantee that they would both return obediently and at the same moment after the debate? That is, I fear, the great difficulty which Lecky did not foresee. Dogs, unfortunately, as we now know from the experiments of Pavlov, have free will. CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



THE PURGERS AND THE PURGED

IF the purges which continue to be a recurrent feature of life behind the Iron Curtain remain mysterious, it is not for want of documentation. An enormous amount has been written about them at first hand by escaped victims and others. Alex Weissberg, for instance, in *Conspiracy of Silence* provides an impressive account of how, being a German Jew and a Communist, he went to Russia to escape Hitler, only to be arrested during the great purge of 1937, and to be in due course handed back to the Gestapo by the N.K.V.D. at Brest Litovsk during the period of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. He explains in great detail how he was induced to confess to absurd crimes which he could not possibly have committed. As was the case with innumerable others, he was never tried even in a "People's Court." "Performing Seals," as the Russians wryly call participants in show trials, are few and carefully chosen. It happened several times that Weissberg's interrogators were themselves purged and found themselves in prison with him, and that those whose murder he was supposed to have plotted were likewise charged with treasonable activities—in some cases actually executed while Weissberg was still being interrogated about his part in plots against them. The action proceeded, as it were, on different planes of fantasy, producing an effect rather like a particularly macabre Kafka novel.

Despite such testimony as Weissberg's, to a Western mind the charges and the confessions remain incomprehensible. Few on this side of the Iron Curtain, it is safe to assume, really believe that Zhdanov and the obese Sheherbakov were brought to an untimely end as a result of deliberate errors of diagnosis and treatment on the part of Kremlin doctors suborned on behalf of the American and British Intelligence Services by a



"Does there happen to be a non-bourgeois, non-traitorous, non-Zionist doctor in the house?"

Jewish relief organization. The ardent confessions at the Prague trial by Slansky, Sling, Clementis and the others will scarcely have sounded convincing in Czechoslovakia let alone in Western Europe. Incidentally, one of the Prague accused, André Simone, when he came to confess, actually quoted some sentences from the famous confession by Rubashov in Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, thereby ingeniously indicating to friends in the West the plight in which he found himself, and perhaps at the same time providing confirmation of the accuracy of Koestler's imaginative reconstruction of such a plight. As it happens, in Soviet prison slang prisoners who confess are called "novelists," and their confessions "novels." The nomenclature is apt enough. It is an ironical circumstance, yet true, that the only writing in Russia to-day not subject to any kind of censorship is the confession. A Dostoevsky of our time might well find it necessary to get himself purged in order to be able to write.

Of the great variety of explanations offered as to the significance of the latest wave of purges, it may well be that all have some element of truth, but none wholly suffices. It is doubtless true that grave economic difficulties have arisen, particularly within satellite countries, and that a convenient scapegoat had to be found. Doubtless, also, it is true that the Jewish community, however suppressed, represents, as it did for Hitler, a potential danger in that it cannot be entirely assimilated. Again, it would be surprising if there were not factions and conflicts within the Politburo (particularly as Stalin's life draws to its close) which have outward and visible manifestations. All this is true. Yet the fact remains that the trials, with their strange, horrifying atmosphere and weird and palpably false confessions, remain in the last resort incomprehensible. Up to quite recently foreign diplomats and journalists have been allowed to be present at them, thus providing, as it were, a Western window on to this Slav Witches' Sabbath. Nowadays no foreigner is admitted. The trials are just broadcast. They are no more than disembodied voices, often barely identifiable. It might even, for all anyone can tell, be a recorded programme rather than a live performance.

Perhaps the truest way to see the purges and consequent trials is as a kind of morality play, in which the Good—that is, the Party line—must be shown as dramatically and invariably triumphing over the Bad—that is, Trotskyism, Left or Right Deviationism, Titoism, Rootless Cosmopolitanism, Zionism, or whatever else may be the current brand of Soviet sinfulness. Such demonstrations serve the double purpose of frightening the humble and meek and reassuring the mighty in their seats. They are to be compared with tribal dances, with strange, fearful cults connected with Siva, the Hindu deity signifying destruction, rather than with any kind of judicial procedure as hitherto known. Hate has its own mysteries.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE





IT is hardly likely that Signor de Gasperi's recent four-day state visit to Athens will prove to have marked any great turning-point in Græco-Italian relations. A number of matters of common interest were discussed in an atmosphere of mutual goodwill. A number of Greek citizens were invested with Italian decorations, and Italian citizens with Greek decorations. But, politically speaking, the Italian Premier may be said to have come out at that same door wherein he went—unless the undoubted benevolence shown by their visitors leads the Greeks to remould their opinions of their neighbours, formed during the war years, when the Axis wiped out some seventeen hundred Greek villages.

As a social function, at all events, the visit went well from the start. At Ellenikon airport Marshal Papagos and fourteen top-hatted Greek dignitaries awaited the Italian Premier's arrival. At its appointed minute the aircraft came to a halt on the tarmac in front of them. Eager officials rushed the gangway into position; the doors were opened; armed with sprays of Roman orchids in transparent boxes for Mme. Papagos and Mme. Stefanopoulos, Signor de Gasperi and his wife emerged. Fifteen silk hats rose as one, and a military band burst into the Italian national anthem.

This dignified tableau was a little marred by a bevy of fare-paying passengers, who were

HANDS ACROSS THE IONIAN SEA

incontinently ushered out of the aeroplane on the heels of the Premier. They stood in an uncomfortable little knot, blinking dazedly at the guard of honour and the military band (which had now proceeded to the Greek anthem). When the music ended and the tableau came to life, several of these became involved with protocol officials, who bowed them ceremoniously out of the airfield into the street. They were half-way into the waiting limousines before the error was detected and they were ignominiously handed over to the Customs.

Apart from a courtesy call at the Palace, the first day was devoted to reciprocal expressions of esteem and the bestowal of orders. In this activity the Greeks held a certain advantage. They were able to confer upon their guests the Orders of the Redeemer, of George I and of the Phoenix, each in various classes. The Italian Republic short-sightedly abolished all the orders available to the former régime, and now has only one decoration at its disposal, the recently-invented Order of Merit. This was widely distributed in its full range of grades.

Both groups of recipients appeared in their new finery at a gala reception next evening. In the ballroom of the Grande Bretagne, where an Athenian string band worked its way through a programme of Neapolitan popular airs, the representatives of the Diplomatic Corps and the Greek press world admired themselves and one another. The Yugoslav envoy attended with his suite: he had been at the Palace, presenting new credentials as Ambassador, at the moment when Signor de Gasperi was receiving a gold medal from the municipality of Athens. The Yugoslavs wore the austere decorations of the Titoist régime and said "Enchanté" in a marked manner when introduced to Italians.

A former Greek Foreign Minister wore the insignia of the Order of the Crown of Italy, an order which no longer exists. This so impressed one

Athenian lady that she was at much pains to make an opening. "Tell me, *Eccellenza*," she began in lilting Italian, "what do you think of our Acropolis?"

An exhausting round of *pour-parlers* and press conferences filled the third day. At one of these Signor de Gasperi assured his listeners that, while Italy had no objection to the proposed Balkan defence pact with Yugoslavia, she was bound to take the strongest objection to it. The Athens conversations, he added, had taken place in a spirit of friendship and mutual comprehension.

The last day was a Sunday. No official meetings were held, but Marshal Papagos conducted his guests, in a shining column of American limousines, over the Corinth Canal to the ruins of Mycenæ, where they were lectured by a distinguished professor. Thoughtfully, a room in the tourist rest-house had been set aside for the Italian Premier's siesta after lunch. According to the housekeeper, the amenities provided even included a nightshirt. There is no record whether it was used.



"I really must go now—
I can bear baby crying."

A KNOCK ON MY DOOR

THERE are some—not many, but some—in this country who have never yet been questioned by pollsters, cross-examined by Mass Observation, or even tapped on the shoulder by B.B.C. Listener Research experts; theirs has never been the satisfaction of being described as a representative cross-section. As president of this small but depressed class I desire to send a message of confident hope to my fellow-neglectees. May it not be that, far from scorning our ability to answer impertinent questions, fate has simply been reserving us all these years for that supreme plum, that pearl, that doyen of the questionnaire-world, the Household Expenditure Inquiry, 1953?

It may be so. And if it is, I for one shall be ready when the knock comes on my door:

Myself. Oh! Is it time for the windows again?

Visitor. I am an authorized officer of the Ministry of Labour and National Service. We are anxious to know your income, sex, number and cost of annual licences (including wireless and dog), betting losses, amount of sickness benefit received and details of daily expenditure. Have you, for instance, bought any fish to-day?

Myself. Well, now—

Visitor. It is useless simply to put "Fish, 1/8d."—In here? Thank you. Nothing new in the way of furniture bought recently, I see—You should put "4lb. hake" and the price, if you paid for it. If you did not pay for it, leave it out. The forms are confidential and will not be shown to fishmongers. Now, under Section 5 of Form HB4, for example, where it says "Fares (rail, bus, taxi): Purchase and Upkeep of Cars (include petrol and oil): Cycles, Perambulators (If second-hand, state 'Second-hand')," you should put fares (rail, bus or taxi), purchase and upkeep of cars—

Myself. Yes, yes. I see that. What do you get for this?

Visitor. Do not put horses or refrigerators part-exchanged, which should be entered in Section 9. Turning to alcohol—

Myself. Not yet. Kindly inform me of your emoluments.

Visitor. Mine?

Myself. Yes. Do not hesitate to state your full salary, unless it has not been paid. Include tips, and cost of clothing where borne by employer. If that suit is second-hand, make as clean a breast of it as nature intended.

Visitor. I must ask you to concentrate on the matter in hand. The aim of this inquiry is to obtain information about all forms of expenditure by all members of a household. Arrangements have therefore been made for each member of the household—

Myself. You are quoting.

Visitor.—to supply, confidentially and on separate forms, details of his or her personal expenditure—

Myself. In that case, if all are concerned, let all be instructed in their duties. Permit me to summon the household by sounding this gong, which, as it is a present from an uncle in India, presumably falls outside the scope of your inquiry. So! One wonders what you gave for those socks . . . but here they all come. Edwina, I want you to meet an authorized officer of the Ministry of Labour and National Service. Claribel, this is an authorized—Aunt Agnes, George, Arthur, don't fidget Phyllis, Sonia, Richard, James, sorry Granny I didn't see you, Amaryllis, Trudi and little Prudence. This gentleman is authorized to ask whether any of you have bought any fish to-day. Please treat the matter as confidential.

Visitor. Are these all your household?

Myself. No. Harry and my sister Gwen are out shopping in expectation of your visit. We are anxious to make as liberal and open-handed a showing as possible. But you may take the present company as a representative cross-section.

Visitor. I see. Thank you. The matter is simplicity itself, ladies and gentlemen. All you are asked to do is to put down, on forms provided, everything that you yourself, individually, spent on each day of a three-week period. Put down all food and clothing. Any carpets, rugs, linoleum or mats. Any beer, ale, coal, coke, visits to cinemas, bowls or kettles.

Myself. Do not put down horses.

Phyllis. Could I put down two-and-fourpence for a diary?

Visitor. Certainly, if you paid for it yourself.

Phyllis. Well, elevenpence was mine, only I took the rest from the mantelpiece—

Claribel. You had no right. That was George's.

Visitor. For the purposes of the inquiry—

Richard. George owes me one-and-a-penny of it, as it happens. So if anybody's going to put the diary down—

Amaryllis. You can't. She got it for your birthday.

Visitor. It is immaterial—

Aunt Agnes. It is nothing of the kind. Phyllis dear, tell the gentleman what became of the half-crown you had in advance of pocket-money last week to pay back Arthur out of for taking your bicycle to be mended.

Phyllis. Shan't!

Sonia. Twopence-ha'penny I owe the telephone for a stamp. I've just remembered.

Myself. Put it down. It's expenditure, of a sort.

Edwina. I paid the milk, but it was two weeks. It's not fair.

Aunt Agnes. We must all do the best we can, dear. It's for the Country.

Amaryllis. To think I only gave ninepence for those earrings. The shame of it!

Myself. There now! Under cover of this deplorable hubbub our visitor has taken his hat and his departure.

Granny. The latter I do not regret. The former I put at about twenty-four-and-sixpence.

H. F. ELLIS

CURRENT ACCOUNT



UP to and including June 21 of this year there are three hundred and ninety-seven events arranged in Britain for the sporting motorist. Anyone surprised into doubting the figure can tot up a lot of close type in *The Autocar*, which ends with the promise that "the remainder of the Calendar will

unbolt his garage door—this enthusiast yearns to get into the big time, into the glamorous international meetings which every now and then wrest the headlines from politics and crime and are worth, to the motor manufacturer, an advertising manager's ransom. Of these "the Monte" is the Rally, or,

bore, 'mid snow and ice, A banner with the strange device, *Le Rallye Monte-Carlo!*" Or, again:

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said; 'Dark lowers the tempest overhead...'"

though the old man, the resident of those wild, white regions, is not entirely to be relied on for navigational hints, so it is said—especially when giving them to non-French competitors...

Last week several hundred sporting motorists, many backed by the money, and all by the good wishes, of manufacturers of twenty-one nations, set out from Glasgow, Oslo, Stockholm, Munich, Palermo, Lisbon and (strangely) Monte Carlo itself, to try their skill, stamina, wits and luck in an undertaking made as difficult as possible by both man and Nature. More than a hundred were British. To be accurate, more than three hundred,



appear next week"; the conclusion is that 1953 will see between seven and eight hundred trials, sprints, gymkhanas, speed trials, navigation tests, fuel economy runs, hill climbs, regularity tests, night trials, race meetings and rallies in this country. There seems, in short, to be a certain interest in this kind of thing.

But these occasions are mostly parochial, and the sporting motorist, the man, that is, who believes that the motor-car was put into the world to go a long way at a high speed without getting anywhere in particular, under conditions likely to frighten the family driver into vows of lifelong pedestrianism rather than

in the tongue of its organizers (telegraphic address SPORTINCLUB MONTE-CARLO), *le Rallye*. It stands out a mile. It stands out, in fact, two thousand miles, all of them tricky, many of them hazardous, and the last six hundred or so, when the cars roar and hiss over the glassy snow-dazzling gradients of the Alpes Maritimes, struggling to maintain by night and day an average speed of not more and not less than thirty-one miles an hour—the rules are complex and irrational—the stuff of nightmare. Longfellow very nearly got the idea. "The shades of night were falling fast, As through an Alpine village passed A youth who

because even the sporting motorist has to sleep, and needs a couple of relief drivers to that end, who also act as private time-keepers, map-readers, moral supporters and skilled labourers for hauling the car out of ditches and drifts, rectifying the occasional somersault, and sliding wire scraper-doormats under the back wheels when they revolve impotently on ice.

A small community confined for three days and nights in a closed motor-car needs qualities of temperament suitable for an Everest expedition. A tendency to whistle tunelessly through the teeth, tap with the fingers on the dashboard,

or announce at regular intervals but without real grounds that the driver should have taken a left fork five kilometres back, is enough to rule out men of otherwise admirable gifts. Most of this year's teams, therefore, had already shared the close quarters of that bucketing, steamed-up interior, if only under comparable conditions artificially devised; many, indeed, spent their Christmas holidays on the actual course, returning not only with character-readings of fellow-members but with plump folders of topographical details, timing checks, petrol consumption figures, rough maps marked with filling-stations (nothing special is laid on), and even scholarly graphs on squared paper showing anything from the incidence of local misinformation to the effect of amphetamine drugs on their individual exhaustion-curves.

To return to the drugs: it is not, in practice, keeping awake that is the trouble, so much as getting to sleep. Even more than most drivers, the driver in competition motoring is unhappy when another man is at the wheel. A first-string driver who is conserving his resources for an unbroken assault on the icy hairpins of the last few hundred miles (in theory a better plan than a simple four hours on, four hours off for each member) may, instead of getting his health-giving sleep, sit bolt upright with staring eyes, pedalling at a non-existent brake, sucking in the breath of panic at every lurching side-slip, every scrape against the frozen drifts, and preparing to yelp a warning of the avalanche which he previsualizes round every bend in the road. Some off-duty drivers seek to blot out these distractions by bandaging their eyes before relaxing

reached to a pre-ordained second of time). He concedes that to have one's elaborate de-ditching equipment carried away by a rival competitor roaring up behind makes things "a bit dodgy"; that to round a bend at seventy miles an hour and find the road blocked by two other cars inverted and with wheels spinning is "distinctly incommoding, old boy." His car has only arrived from the works the night before, "but no doubt the chaps have put an engine in and so forth." His requests to the sponsoring manufacturers for odds and ends of emergency equipment are couched in humorous terms. "Please include," reads a copy-letter in the dossier, "blowlamp (paraffin type) together with instructions for simple-minded crew." It is all very deceiving. He does not seem at all the man to be entrusted with so



(Such a dossier, it may be mentioned, is an undernourished, feeble thing compared with another, carried in every car last week, which bulged with many months' accumulation of the organizers' official instructions, regulations, amendments to regulations and, a later addition, the sixteen-page log-book of car and course, printed in French on stout board and containing, besides a formidable list of control-point times, frontier information and portraits of the team—"Pénalisation de 5 points par photographie manquante"—a convenient, tear-off post-card blackly headed "Déclaration d'accident.")

on the adjustable bed-seat (one of the few permitted modifications to the otherwise standard cars), but more often than not even this doesn't do the trick. Then, four to eight grains of hexobarbitone may be the only answer.

True to type as ever, the British competitor strolls into all these hazards with a grin, a raised eyebrow and a surface off-handedness. His talk is half fifth-form, half Wodehouse. He declares with a shout of laughter that of his six stop-watches no two agree, and lays plans to use a "water-cooled slide-rule" over the crucial regularity test (where control points must be

immense a responsibility to Britain's well-known export trade.

And yet one feels convinced, in spite of it all, that if he doesn't win *le Rallye*, even if he doesn't finish the course, it isn't his skill, stamina or even wits that let him down, only his luck. And even so, he won't bear malice. It would be rather nice to win, of course, but if not—well, there's always next year. And, before then, between seven and eight hundred trials, sprints, gymkhanas, speed trials, navigation tests, fuel economy runs, hill climbs, regularity tests, night trials, race meetings and rallies just to keep his hand in. J. B. BOOTHROYD



"Will you excuse me a minute while I answer the front door."

DELAYED ACTION

AT the back of the hall rose a familiar pair of determined spectacles, and the Chairman of the Brains Trust flinched.

"Well?" he said hopelessly.

"It's like this," said the spectacles. "I haven't got any kids myself, but supposing I *did* have one, and supposing I sent him to school, do you think I'd be satisfied to wait three years for his first end-of-term report and then not get it?"

"No," said the Chairman. "Next question, please?"

"Steady on," requested the spectacles. "Haven't finished yet."

"Will the questioner kindly frame his question more lucidly?" said the Chairman.

"It's a Royal Commission," guessed an interested briar-pipe. "I'll bet it's a Royal Commission. Nothing else takes three years, except a University degree."

"There you are!" said the spectacles. "This Royal Commission that's supposed to be reporting on Capital Punishment, they could have gone up to Oxford or Cambridge as trembling undergraduates and come down again with their B.A.s and what-nots by this time. Instead of which, all they've got to report is, 'Well, we've had a good long natter about this Capital Punishment, but we haven't exactly decided anything. Give us another three or four years and then ask us again.'"

"They never said that," said Miss Gorton boldly from the platform. "You made that up."

"I didn't make up that the Commission was set up a sight longer than three years ago, nor that it finished its inquiries over a year ago. And what I want to know is, why does it take so long?"

"Mr. Bates!" called the Chairman, Miss Gorton and Mr. Hammond in splendid unison.

Even Mr. Bates could not deny that the question came under Law.

"You'd—you'd better write and ask them," he temporized feebly.

"Yes, you do," said a hand-painted American tie. "You might get a reply in three years."

"You don't see how they *could* take three years," said a pair of jet earrings. "Not unless they went off for a good long holiday every few days."

"P'r'aps they're trying to make the job last because they don't know if they'll ever get another, poor things," suggested a compassionate string shopping-bag.

Mr. Hammond was gaily kicking Mr. Bates under the table. Mr. Bates coughed unhappily.

"Capital Punishment is a very big issue," he said slowly. "The questioner must remember the immense weight of evidence to be—ah—sifted and discussed."

"You *couldn't* sit down and talk about a thing for three solid years," said a rather flushed fox-fur. "Goodness, you'd be sick and tired of the subject, let alone cudgelling your brains trying to remember what one of you said two years ago last March."

"The extreme gravity of the subject—" began Mr. Bates.

"The extreme gravity of the subject don't keep a jury outside sifting evidence and discussing for three years on end," interrupted the American tie.

"Look at it another way," said the spectacles. "I'm a reporter on the *Daily Mirror*—"

"I say, are you really?" said Miss Gorton with interest. "I had no idea."

"For the purpose of illustration only," explained the spectacles. "The editor sends for me. 'Big

fire over at such-and-such a place,' he says to me. 'You nip over and report it, and mind and be back smartish, because the paper's got to be ready in a couple of hours.'

"Goes to press," murmured Miss Gorton eruditely.

"All right! What sort of a reception d' you think I'm going to get when I stroll in with my report about the fire three years later? Why," said the spectacles emphatically, "I don't suppose they'd even use it."

"This is rather different," said Mr. Bates, feeling rather lonely. "A fire is—is topical. It's over in a flash."

"So's Capital Punishment," said the spectacles.

Mr. Bates, aware of a flaw in the analogy but unable to put his finger on it, looked thoughtful.

"It does seem an awfully long time to wait," said the fox-fur.

"Specially if you're sweating on the top line in the condemned cell waiting to hear the result," said the American tie.

"Still, they give you a very good breakfast," pointed out the jet earrings.

"I'd have kidneys-and-mushrooms," said the briar-pipe.

"My butcher sent me two kidneys last week," the fox-fur told the jet earrings. "Two whole kidneys! I could have kissed him."

"Did he, now!" said the earrings respectfully. "Who's your butcher, may I kindly ask?"

"No," said the fox-fur. "No, that I wouldn't tell old Winnie himself."

"Oh dash it!" said the Chairman plaintively. "Why do we always find it so impossible to keep off food at these sessions? You all just go on and on about food—"

"Dare say they're having the same trouble at the Royal Commission," said the American tie. "That 'ud account for them arguing the toss three years and not getting anywhere."

"You're very wise, ma'am!" called the string shopping-bag. "I remember once I happened to tell a neighbour of mine, a very nice woman, or so I thought at the time, they'd get liver, and, believe it or

not, by the time I managed to get down there myself it was a cowheel or nothing."

"They say you want to grill a cowheel," said the earrings. "Grill it, I'll trouble you. What is there to grill?"

"Please!" shouted the Chairman.

"Got to talk about something,

haven't we, while we're waiting for an answer to my question?" said the spectacles acidly. "If you ask me, you ought to stop calling yourselves a Brains Trust and change your name."

"What to?" asked the Chairman unguardedly.

"Royal Commission," said the spectacles. COLIN HOWARD

TRUMPETS

WHAT sound awakened me, as night was falling
And I a-dream here in the fireside glow?
Surely I heard far-distant clarions calling,
Peals from bright Seraphim in burning row
Or chords some earthly orchestra might pour
From brazen mouths to beat at fancy's door.

Memories came thronging; royal proclamations;
Reveille at some mud-soaked camp in France;
Trooping the Colour; Victory Celebrations;
Coach-horns on Derby-day; the Floral Dance;
Great organs and that blare the tuba flings
To chapel roofs at Magdalen or at King's.

Three *Marches Funèbres*—Beethoven, Chopin, *Saul*—
Sprang to my mind; Tchaikovsky, Bach, Puccini,
Glyndebourne and Sadler's Wells, the Albert Hall,
Evenings with Wood and Boult and Toscanini.
O trumpeters, what *were* you sounding then,
What theme, what fanfare? Hark, it comes again!

Again, and now repeated to satiety;
Wavering, discordant, not to say cacophonous;
Not jam-session, not fun-fair, not Variety
Could dare to palm such pseudo-music off on us.
Conscious at last, I sigh: the dismal fact is
All I had heard was Scouts at bugle practice.



I'll be with you in Apple Blossom Weevil

MY friends have now provided me with apples for apple dumplings for three consecutive weeks: the glut is over. Next year I shall grow my own apples. As my guide I have bought a work called *Apples and Pears*, published by the apparently reputable firm of H.M.S.O.

Its approach to the subject is designed to deter the frivolous or quasi-pastoral apple-grower. For instance, under the heading "General Considerations" it observes austere "Apple growing involves a large amount of capital. This capital must either be available at the start . . . or must be gradually accumulated over a period of years by frugal living." Look, either I have enough capital now, or I'm not going to grow apples. Anyone who thinks I'm going to live frugally for a period of years merely for the sake of one fierce orgy of apple dumplings is living in a fool's paradise.

The book offers a list of some twenty Foes of the Apple, finishing "Perennial Canker fungus, root-rot fungi, Silver Leaf, Brownrot, Mice, Voles, Apple Blossom Weevil, Woolly Aphis," and recommends a

course of spraying which would, I imagine, guarantee a lifetime's full employment for two active men and a pumping engine. It seems simpler, on the whole, to ignore this, which smacks rather of professionalism, root up the second clump of Michaelmas daisies (which, to do them justice, have never complained of Brownrot, Mice, or Voles, much less Woolly Aphis) and pop in a couple of stout trees.

I am heartened, by the way, to read in Chapter XI "Drastic Thinning at an early stage is essential. The time spent in thinning is at least partly offset by time saved in picking." By really rigorous thinning it should be possible to eliminate completely the tedious business of picking the fruit. For the moment my only problem is to choose which varieties to plant.

Obviously I dare not risk "James Grieve. Raised by Mr. James Grieve from a Pott's Seedling pip. Liable to premature breakdown on the trees." There are enough premature breakdowns looming ahead without the apples joining in.

I am most interested by this entry: "Ellison's



"I'm here, dear—in the study."

Orange Pippin. Origin Cox's Orange Pippin x Calville Blanche; raised by Rev. C. C. Ellison, Bracebridge, and Mr. Wipf, gardener at Hartshorne Hall; introduced by Messrs. Pennel and Sons in 1911."

H.M.S.O. loses here by neglecting the dramatic form. Overture and beginners, please.

SCENE: *The drawing-room of the Manse, Bracebridge. The Rev. Ch. Christopher Ellison is discovered, leafing through a back volume of Crockford. He is wearing a Trinity (Camb.) blazer and white flannels. It is the late afternoon of a warm September day in 1909. In the garden, which can be seen through the French windows (L.), someone, a nephew probably, is picking out "Under the Deodar" on a mandolin. There enters Mr. Wipf, gardener at Hartshorne Hall, a large mansion left in the district by Thomas Love Peacock. Wipf is a Pole—short, dark, and plump. He dismounts and leans his bicycle against the chiffonier (R.).*

WIPF (*with excitement*). Good evening, Wicker.

VICAR (*genially*). Ah, Wipf. More Doubts about Paul's Voyages, I suppose. Just let me find my Paley-sheets.

WIPF. Oh no, sir. There ain'd no doubt. It's-a worked. My cross, it's-a worked.

VICAR. You mean . . . ?

WIPF (*for the benefit of the audience: the Vicar knows this already*). Yes, Wicker. I crossed your Cox's Orange from the garden (*points to sofa*) with our Calville Blanche up at the Hall (*points to ceiling*). And the result is . . . ! (*produces basket of apples*).

VICAR. Hm. The skin's rather dull.

WIPF (*despondently*). Yes, and greasy. But the stem, sir, is very long and slender . . .

VICAR (*impressed despite himself*). . . and it's set in a regular small cavity. (*Bites.*)

WIPF. Af course, I suppose you might say it was somewhat russeted.

VICAR. Ah! An aniseed flavour: *most* refreshing.

WIPF. Squire Hartshorne, he don't-a seem interested in apples, sir. He keeps producing them Greek plays. So I brought them straight to you.

VICAR. You did quite right, Wipf. (*Casually*) What were you thinking of calling this apple?

WIPF (*bashfully*). Well . . . I . . . er . . . what about . . . I'm chust talking aloud, af course, but what about the . . . er . . . Vipf Pippin?

VICAR (*even more casually*). Don't you think that's just a bit tricky on the tongue?

WIPF (*tries it over several times*). You mean too many w's? No, I think it sounds absolutal splendid.

VICAR (*so casually that he kicks over an occasional table*).

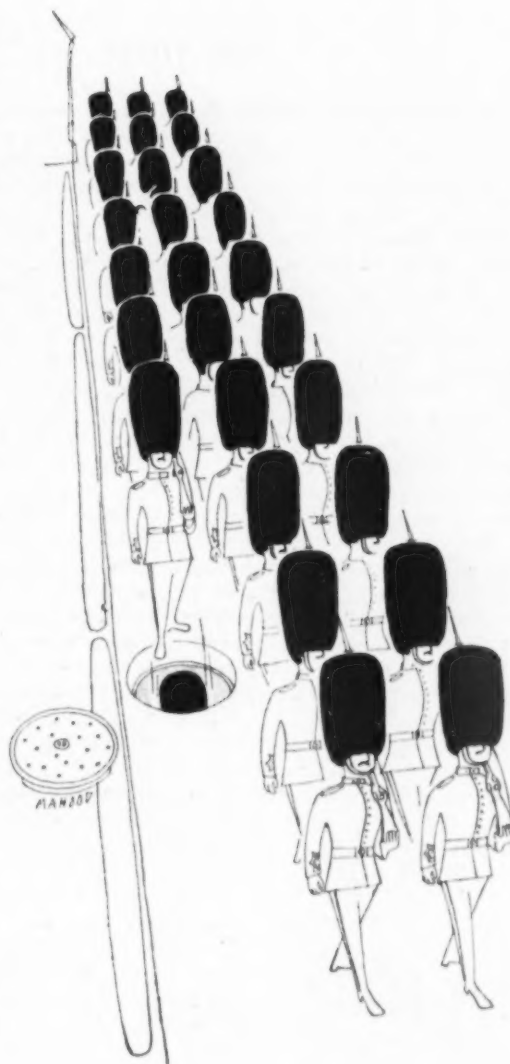
You don't think "Ellison's Orange" sounds better?

WIPF. Allison's Orange? H'm. No. Itain'deuphorious.

VICAR. Wipf, I've had a hard life. The early days at Boutham and Wrawby (1862-3) weren't easy: even now the Gross V. inc. from Corn R. and Glebe isn't exactly what a Trinity man might expect. I'm an old man, Wipf . . .

WIPF (*uneasily*). Oh, you ain'd really old. Chust elderly.

VICAR. . . . and I'd like to feel that I shall leave



something behind me, even if it is only the name of a pippin.

WIPF. Look, Wicker, sir; for nine years I cross apples with the Calville Blanche. This apple's going to be a Vipf Pippin. Or, if that won't do, I'll call it by my wife's name.

VICAR. What's that?

WIPF. Pippa. (*He stands on the sofa, mounts his bicycle, and departs with dignity.*)

A steely glint comes into the Vicar's eye: it would be recognized by anyone who had worked with him when he was Chap. Linc. Co. Asyl., in 1864. He examines the apples thoughtfully, and then, humming a stave of a hymn suitable for the Harvest Festival service, picks up a copy of Bradshaw.

SLOW CURTAIN

BIG THREE

A REPRESENTATIVE of the *Munton Observer* called on Brigadier Hogg last week and put to him the following questions: (1) Do you consider an amalgamation of the East Munton and the Munton United cricket clubs less likely or more likely in 1953 than in 1952? (2) What, in your opinion, is the main hindrance to such an amalgamation? (3) Do you consider that a meeting with Sympson and Conkleshill, the Chairman and Captain of the Munton United Cricket Club, would be of any value? (4) Would you yourself be willing to attend such a meeting?

The publication of Brigadier Hogg's replies was awaited with mixed feelings by the populace. Sympson perhaps best summed up the views of Munton United supporters in an interview he gave to the rival newspaper, the *Munton Gazette*.

"Personally," he said, "I cannot guess what replies Brigadier Hogg will make to the questionnaire, but I can safely say that if he opposes amalgamation, then the last hope of a successful season for

Munton cricket in 1953 is gone, whereas if he is in favour of amalgamation we can take it for granted that he is trying to lead us into a trap."

Conkleshill was even more sceptical.

"A Big Three meeting," he said, "is quite out of the question unless we know in advance exactly what will be said when it takes place. Since Brigadier Hogg's seizure in 1949 of the only cricket ground in Munton-on-Sea with a decent pavilion, a dastardly act unparalleled in the annals of local sport, Munton cricket, split down the middle, has been in a parlous state. Until Brigadier Hogg shows some signs of wishing to co-operate for the common good, it is quite useless talking to him."

When the Brigadier's replies were published in the *Observer* they were read eagerly, and suspicion was at once aroused by their apparently co-operative character. Brigadier Hogg stated that he considered the prospects for amalgamation rather better in 1953 than in 1952, that he thought the main

hindrance to amalgamation was a lack of enthusiasm to amalgamate, that he thought a meeting of the Big Three could at least not make the situation more hopeless than it was at present, and that therefore he would himself be glad at any rate to consider the possibility of such a meeting.

Interviewed again by the *Gazette*, Sympson made his position clear. Reminding the reporter first of all that Brigadier Hogg was a liar and a thief, with no morals and no manners, he said that he (Sympson) was anxious for genuine friendship between the East Munton team and the United team, but that this would only be possible if (a) Brigadier Hogg dropped himself from the side and preferably threw himself over a cliff; (b) gave up unconditionally the ground and pavilion he had seized in 1949; (c) altered his club rules to conform exactly with the United Club rules and adopted their colours. Subject to these very reasonable demands he was willing to consider joining in a Big Three meeting.

Conkleshill, on being told what Sympson had said, expressed disgust.

"Sympson, in his guileless simplicity," he said, "has clearly fallen into the trap laid by Brigadier Hogg, the object of which was to split the United Club. So far as I am concerned I will have nothing to do with appeasement in any form, but will go on striving for peace—alone, if necessary."

As the Editor of the *Gazette* remarked in his brilliant leading article, if Munton cricket was again in the doldrums in 1953 no blame whatever could be attached to the United Club, whose spokesmen had erred only perhaps in being a shade too conciliatory in the cause of peace.

D. H. BARBER



"The sweep said he'd be here at eight o'clock in the morning—but that was three weeks ago."

"CORONATION ROBES

Continued from page 9

Baroness, for sale. Two hundred and twenty pounds. Perfect condition."

Gambia Echo

Suit stately home!



THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY

Baker Street Station Buffet

EARLY Electric! With what radiant hope
Men formed this many-branched electrolier,
Twisted the flex around the iron rope
And let the dazzling vacuum globes hang clear,
And then with hearts the rich contrivance fill'd
Of copper, beaten by the Bromsgrove Guild.

Early Electric! Sit you down and see
'Mid this fine woodwork and a smell of dinner,
A stained-glass windmill and a pot of tea,
The sepia views of leafy lanes in PINNER,
Then visualize, far down the shining lines,
Your parents' homestead set in murmuring pines.

Smoothly from HARROW, passing PRESTON ROAD,
They saw the last green fields and misty sky,
At NEASDEN watch'd a workman's train unload
And, with the morning villas sliding by,
They felt so sure on their electric trip
That Youth and Progress were in partnership.

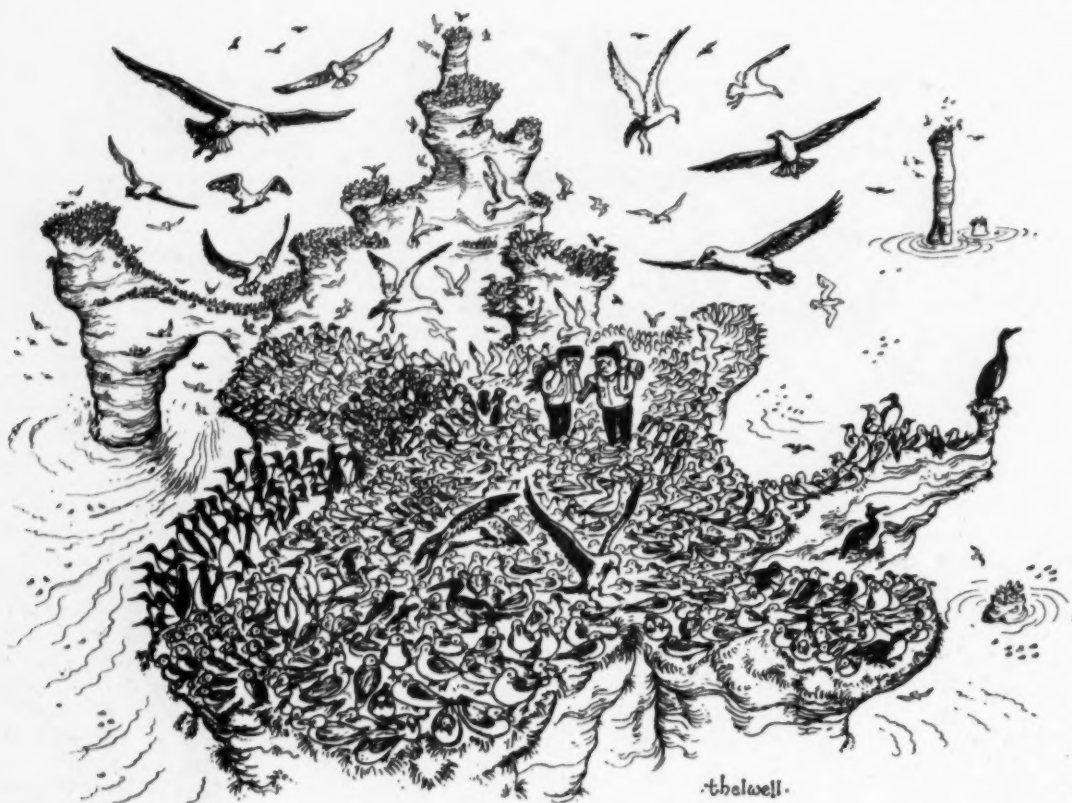
And all that day in murky London Wall
The thought of RUISLIP kept him warm inside;
At FARRINGDON that lunch hour at a stall
He bought a dozen plants of London Pride;
While she, in arc-lit Oxford Street adrift,
Soared through the sales by safe hydraulic lift.

Early Electric! Maybe even here
They met that evening at six-fifteen
Beneath the hearts of this electrolier
And caught the first non-stop to WILLESDEN GREEN,
Then out and on, through rural RAYNER'S LANE
To autumn-scented Middlesex again.

Cancer has killed him. Heart is killing her.
The trees are down. An Odeon flashes fire
Where stood their villa by the murmuring fir
When "they would for their children's good conspire."
Of all their loves and hopes on hurrying feet
Thou art the worn memorial, Baker Street.

JOHN BETJEMAN





Thelwell.

"Where do we set up the hide?"

PILOT OF THE POOLS

VIII—The Uncertain Odds

MY lords and gentlemen, stand by for a surprise—a shock. We have kept this piece of information up our sleeve, for we did not want to discourage you too soon. Even if you do successfully select eight Draws in the Treble Chance Pool (and they are all in the same line) you will not necessarily win £75,000. You may be fobbed off with £4,000—or even a contemptuous £204/3/9 (such sums, of course, you will return, as men throw tiny fish back into the sea).

But why is this? you say indignantly, my lord bishop. The Cultured Classes, we find, are lamentably ignorant of the distinctions between "pool" betting and betting at fixed odds or "prices." When, my lord bishop, you lay £1 with an ordinary bookmaker at odds of 100 to 1 that Archdeacon Ermine

will be made the Dean of Bunbury, you know that you will get exactly £100, neither more nor less, if the appointment you predict is made. If the same bookmaker rashly makes the same bet with twenty divines, he will pay, without audible complaint, his hundred pounds twenty times, and lose much more money than he expected.

But if you bet with a "pool" betting person or concern, there are two important differences. First, you do not know what you will win, if you do win. Second, the other fellow knows that he will not lose anything, whatever happens. Suppose that thirty vicars stake £1 in a One Draw Pool—a special pool for vicars—each selecting his own dear little Draw. All their thirty pounds will go into a common "pool." But even if all the thirty divines are

right, they will not get all their money back, as they would from an ordinary bookmaker.

First, 30 per cent of the pool is taken by way of a special tax. Then the Pool promoter takes his commission—"not," he says, "exceeding 5 per cent of the total stake." Then he takes "for expenses" a sum unknown to us but "sanctioned by the Accountants."

Mr. Hubert Phillips says that we get only half our money back (which is more, by the way, than some of us are allowed by the Inland Revenue to keep of the money we earn). If that is so there will be left only £15 in the pool. If only one divine is right he will get the lot. But if twenty are right they will share the £15 between them and that will be a miserable 15/- each. If all thirty are right they will receive

no more than 10/- (thus losing 10/- each).

Now, perhaps, the Cultured Classes will begin to perceive one distinction between Pool betting and the Fixed Odds affair. This particular difference brings much anxiety into the quiet week-ends of our land. When you score top marks—24—in the Treble Chance, my lord, your neighbours, your friends at the local, will tend to assume too easily that you have won the top prize, £75,000: and even you, cautious fellow, may not be able to exclude the fond hope entirely from your mind. However firmly you mutter old saws about "counting chickens" there will be a spirit of celebration about and a good deal of hospitality will be expected of you. Seductive dreams, though you resist them bravely, will invade you: it will be surprising if by Monday you have not bought a castle or a public-house, a theatre or a yacht, and arranged to take most of your friends by sea to Australia and back. But all this bliss depends, alas, on how many other Britons have got 24 points, and that depends largely on the number of Draws. If there are only a few Draws you may indeed win the fabulous prize—you and some Admiral too: yes—for on some rare occasions *two* citizens have each won £75,000. But if there are many Draws, many bishops, many judges, many barmen and plumbers may have been as clever, or as lucky, as you: and on Wednesday morning your share of the pool may turn out to be no more than two or three hundred pounds. This is a sad anticlimax, especially if you have entered into rash engagements in your cups, given expensive parties or lavishly assisted "lame ducks" during the week-end.

We ourselves, my lord, invariably score our small successes in the wrong week: we have a genius for it. Once we were wildly excited to find that we had correctly predicted "9 Results"—no mean performance, my lords. The week before, the dividend had been £60—to one shilling: odds of 1,200 to 1. The week after, it was, we think, £40. *In our week it was 8 shillings* (and we

had invested 10/- in a perm—"any nine from ten"—10 lines—10/-). Discouraging.

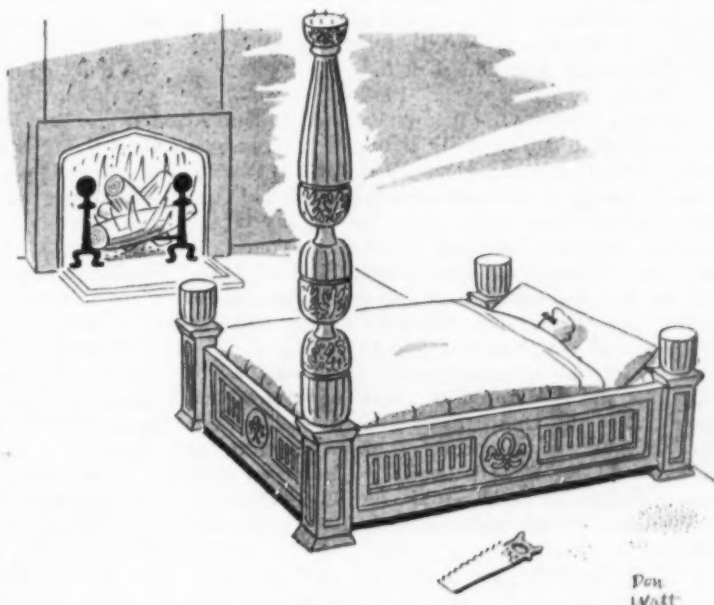
In other words, my lords, you have here a gamble within a gamble. The agitating question is not only "Shall I win?" but "*What* shall I win?" To understand how uncertain will be your rewards, you should study the table we have chalked on the blackboard. These are figures, taken at random from some odd papers we found in our archives showing the results in five different weeks—viz. Weeks A, B, C, D and E:

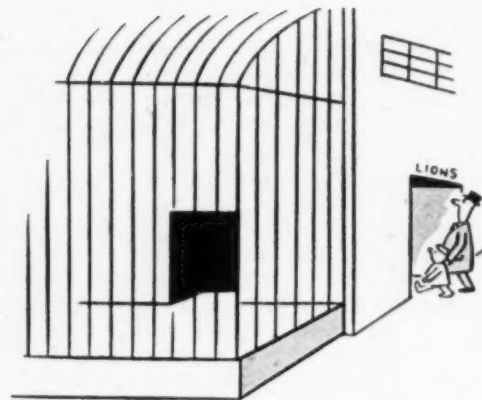
| A | B | C | D | E |
|------------|----------------|------------------------------------|-----------------|---------------|
| | | Treble Chance (4 Dividends) | | |
| £47,580 | £1,220 | £75,000 | £402 | £2,080 |
| £1,073 | £40 | £1,022 | £12 | £85 |
| £50 | £3/4/0 | £50 | £1/2/0 | £7 |
| £5 | 12/0 | £4 | 4/0 | £1/4/0 |
| | | Penny Points (5 Dividends) | | |
| £712 | £3,108 | £1,292 | £1,558 | £6,367 |
| £73 | £471 | £73 | £122 | £237 |
| £14 | £88 | £15 | £30 | £30 |
| £3/17/0 | £19 | £4 | £8 | £7 |
| £1/4/0 | £7/0/0 | £1/4/0 | £3 | £1/14/0 |
| | | Penny Results (3 Dividends) | | |
| £81/1/0 | £20,620 | £220 | £1,526 | £233 |
| £24/17/0 | £30/10/0 | £6 | £29 | £5 |
| 10/0 | £1/12/0 | 5/0 | £1/12/0 | 10/0 |
| | | "No Perm" (10 Results) | | |
| £1,100 | £1,053 | £192 | £4,229 | £50 |
| £69 | £36 | £24 | £107 | £7 |
| | | 3 Draws | | |
| £5/4/0 | £2/2/0 | £10 | £1/10/0 | £6/10/0 |
| | | 4 Aways | | |
| £5/6/0 | £12 | 10/0 | £4/4/0 | £6/4/0 |
| | | Simple Six | | |
| £15 | £16 | £7/14/0 | £71/10/0 | £31/10/0 |
| | | Nine Results | | |
| £60 | £5/4/0 | 8/0/1 | £31 | £60 |
| | | Family Four | | |
| £1/12/0 | £2/2/0 | £1/4/0 | £6/8/0 | £1/12/0 |

You will see now, my lord, what we mean by "winning in the wrong week." Imagine our resentment when we won that 8/- for 9 Results in Week C. Imagine what you would have said if you had got top prize in the Treble Chance in Week D—or even for that matter in Weeks B and E!

Then there is another gamble, my lord. There is often a big difference between the dividends paid by one great Pool concern and another. Here, for example, Messrs. X paid £2,021 (for a penny) in the 12 Results Pool: but Messrs. Y paid only £206. Another week it may be the other way. Whichever way it is, you are fairly sure to belong to the wrong Pool people that week. In the dear old Treble Chance the difference may be as much as £10,000—or more. Look at this, for instance. Messrs. X paid £47,580, for 24 points. But none of Messrs. Y's devotees did better than 23: and so many of them got 23 that the top prize was only a miserable £2,080. It has to be admitted that there is a slight element of incertitude in football pool betting.

A. P. H.





WE DO GET ABOUT SO

THE sun was shining when he came to see me; or to put it more accurately, there was a faint glimmer between the branches of the trees which memory associated with one of the activities of the solar orb. Nothing so exciting had happened in this suburb for the last fourteen days.

So I said how kind it was of him to come (for I had been in bed for a week), and in the morning too, when he must be so busy, and all this tremendous distance out of his way.

But he said "Distance," and laughed; he had just been reading a masterly treatise by Professor Toynbee on the annihilation of space by mankind. And I asked him whether the word "technological" came into the treatise, and he said it did.

"About every fifth word?" I asked.

He said not quite so often as that, and he tried to explain it all to me, patiently and quietly, because he could see that my head was not very clear. It seemed, so far as I could understand him, that there had been three or four vast technological revolutions in the conquest of space, and men had either taken swift and wise advantage of them, or had failed to do so: and the first was taming horses to be ridden, and the second was sending out merchant vessels into the Atlantic, and the third was flying.

Each of the first two made small city states ridiculous, and encouraged the growth of empires, and the result of the third was so important that there were now only two considerable land powers left in the world—the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. But even these were shrinking so rapidly that the United States at the present time was no larger than Attica in Ancient Greece.

"Technologically, I suppose?" I said.

And he told me, yes, because no section of it was more than a day's journey from the capital, and he

was going to tell me a great deal more about this, but he thought he had overstayed his time and must go; and I said anyhow he was wise, because the great haze had come down thickly again while he was talking. But I persuaded him to have a drink before he went away, to keep the space out of his lungs.

"Did you walk right up the hill from the buses?" I asked, while he was drinking it. "We don't allow any buses up here, even if they could find their way."

But he had come by Underground, and was going back that way; he supposed he could find it again.

"If you turn to the right, and keep your hand on the wall," I said, looking at the wool-stuffed window panes, "and don't go off to the right at the first gap, and don't go straight on when you reach the top (if you do that, you'll fall off a high bank on to the road) but *now* turn sharp to the right, and go downhill and cross the road carefully at the bottom, you ought to get to the Tube. The last man who came to see me went wrong and thought he was in the Tube station, but found he was in the church. The verger had to lead him to the Underground with a torch or a candle—I forget which."

"You seem rather out of the way up here."

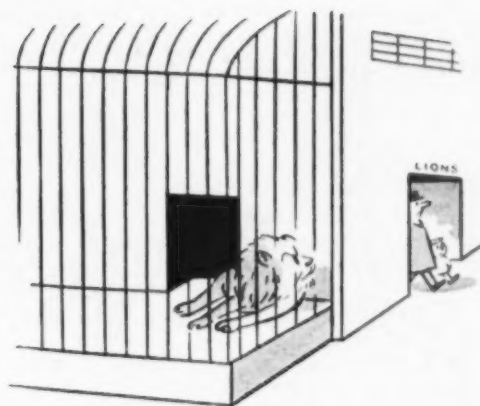
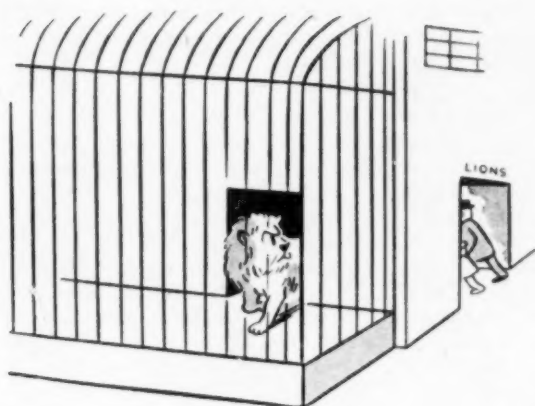
"Not really. The London Airport 'planes fly over continually—I mean they used to in the good old days, about a fortnight ago. I don't know when the last wheeled vehicle came along this road, but there were some soldiers on horses yesterday. No merchant vessels."

"How long will it take me to get to Waterloo?"

"Not more than an hour, if the trains aren't stuck."

"I can't think why they don't have low fog-lights on ghastly days like these. Or else a great circular fan to clear the sky."

"It would be a technological revolution," I told him, "of vast importance to mankind." EVOE



COSTUME

"COSTUME" is the coat and dress and hat and boot
Customary at a place and period stated.
"Costume" is what a woman's two-piece suit
Is quaintly called by the less educated.

But see how snobbery, to its own damnation,
Corrupts the will and leaves the mind confused:
For, being warned of its misapplication,
I now mistrust the word when rightly used.

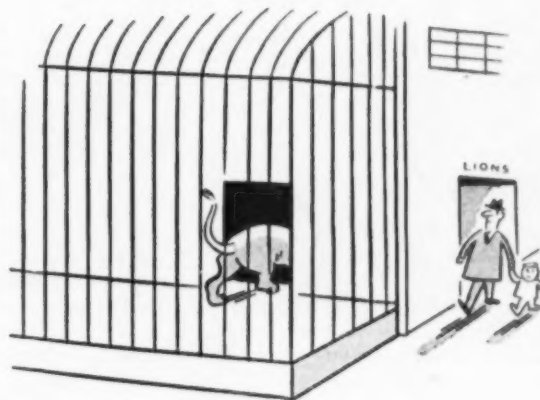
It has been tainted by the catachresis,
So that a "costume play" or "costume ball"
Suggests a gathering of ill-bred pieces
Where fancy coats-and-skirts are worn by all.

And as the base-born brother in the play
Exceeds the lawful heir in natural vigour,
The use of "costume" lessens every day
And that of "costume" goes on getting bigger:

Because the brash persist in their abuse
And the refined are timid in retreat,
The solecism becomes standard use,
The pure—pedantic, rare and obsolete.

My children's children, wretched little brutes,
Without the fear of social repercussion,
Will blithely talk of "costumes," meaning suits
(Unless they talk American—or Russian.)

P. M. HUBBARD





The Minister of Transport is advocating the wider use of crash-helmets

IMPRESSIONS of PARLIAMENT

Tuesday, January 20th

Although this was the first sitting-day (as we used to say during the war) of the
House of Commons: year 1953,
Chancellor's Day nobody seemed

at all inclined to wish the Government a Happy New Year. In fact if appearances were to be believed (which, as division results often show at the climax of a highly-rebellious debate, is not invariably so), everybody seemed intent on giving the Chancellor of the Exchequer—of all people—as *unhappy* a New Year as possible.

But it takes a lot to disturb the studied calm of Mr. BUTLER, and all the slings and arrows of outrageous criticism (particularly those from the rear) left him unbowed.

Under a new system the Chancellor and other high-ups are no longer preserved from "going on first," as they say on the vaudeville stage, and even that star of stars, the Chancellor, now has to try to be entertaining while the audience is still coming in and (metaphorically) unwrapping its chocolates. Sweets seemed to be conspicuously absent from to-day's proceedings, but

when it was all over there was a general feeling that a good time had been had by all—and particularly by the Chancellor himself.

Miss BURTON started the barracking. She complained, as she frequently does, in a set form of words, that "many people are unable to buy their rations, because of high prices." This was allowed to pass without much comment for the first two repetitions, but, when the third was tried, Sir HERBERT WILLIAMS asked Mr. Speaker just *how* many were allowed. Mr. Speaker promptly ruled that "tedious repetition" (as the Standing Orders have it) was out of order, but added, reasonably enough, that the Chair could not know what was going to be said until it *had* been said.

Mr. BUTLER listened to all this with the mildly-detached air of the artist in the wings who sees a colleague inadvertently gathering elderly vegetables from the audience. Miss B. herself certainly got a hand from her own side when she declared that her Party was "worried about the attitude of the Conservative Government." She got an even bigger hand (but from the other side)

when she began a sentence with the phrase: "We on this side of the House are *united* . . ."

Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, sitting just below her, looked a trifle self-conscious and, once more, Mr. BUTLER was able to escape in the general confusion.

Scarcely had he done so when Miss IRENE WARD, from a high back-bench behind him, acridly ordered him to "behave like a human being"—in the matter, of all things, of income tax on the less affluent. Mr. B. gently replied that he *was* human, which implied that he must be able, often, to say "No!" And to prove it he did so, rejecting the plea for a tempered wind for the £5-a-week citizen. Brigadier FRANK MEDLICOTT, always kindly to a fault, came to the Chancellor's rescue with the flat statement that "his human qualities are, in fact, well-established"—but even this failed to get the tax taken off Braille playing-cards, for which the Brigadier pleaded.

Mr. B. was equally urbanely rough with the earth-shaking proposal that three-halfpenny pieces should be minted—nobody said why



—and with the suggestion that more should be charged for farthings, which are circulated by the Treasury at a loss, because it costs more to make them than they are worth.

So, one way and another, the Chancellor confirmed himself in the title of "Battling Butler" which has been his since his last Budget. At the end of his forty-four-round contest (that being the number of questions addressed to him) he walked, practically unaided, to his dressing-room.

Then Mr. EDEN took over, first making a statement on relations with Egypt and the Sudan and then one on the arrest of seven "Neo-Nazi leaders" in Western Germany. On the first, he stressed his belief that *all* the people of the Sudan should have a say in their own political future, and not merely those whose lack of under- (or, indeed, any) clothing precluded them from sharing in the triumphal dance of a certain well-publicized Egyptian diplomat. This was generally agreed.

On the Neo-Nazis, Mr. EDEN clearly implied that Dr. Adenauer, West Germany's Prime Minister, did not know as much about his own territory as did the British High Commissioner—and, as confidently as any Sunday-newspaper editor, he promised sensational revelations when the time came. Not very happily, one felt, the House left it at that—for the present.

Mr. Wigg then made a long, long submission to Mr. Speaker about the contempt of court proceedings taken against leading defence counsel in the Mau Mau trial in Kenya. He suggested that if this action resulted from communication the lawyer had had with M.P.s it was contempt of Parliament and somebody ought to suffer. The submission was so complicated and heavily loaded with legal jargon and smelled so strongly of midnight oil (both probably acquired from legal colleagues who sat somewhat self-consciously by) that many Members were overcome and had to retire from the scene. At the end of the thirty-one minutes' submission Mr. Speaker ruled, in precisely one

minute, that there was nothing in it—and that was that.

Then, with at least as much eagerness, the House went on to talk about White Fish and Herrings. Well, a good two dozen selected Members did, anyway.

Wednesday, January 21

Mr. DAVID GAMMANS, the Assistant Postmaster-General, seemed to be guilty of this week's deliberate mistake when he described mail-bag robbery as a "specialized form of crime." He had just announced that in about a year ninety people had been prosecuted for mail-bag robberies—a fact which seemed to

House of Lords:
A Plaque is
Promised
House of Commons:
A Big "D" is
Discussed



indicate the existence of a good many general practitioners of the art or science. However, the House was in a forgiving mood, for Mr. G. had also announced special plans to make the Coronation television programmes available to almost all by allowing their exhibition in cinemas and halls on easy licence terms. This latest version of fair-shares-for-all gained general approval. Mr. NABARRO seemed less pleased when Mr. G. flatly refused to undertake a sort of radio rodeo to "catch" motorists who ("more in error than sin") failed to take out special licences for their car-radios. But they *are* to be asked whether they have car-radios and requested, if so, to license them.

The subject for debate was the "D-scheme" for furniture, which

replaces the "U-scheme," but both are evidently "£-schemes" so far as the Treasury is concerned, for the Chancellor expects to get another three million pounds out of the change-over. There was quite a to-do about it, with Three-line Whips and all. But, in the end, after much arduous endeavour, the Government naturally had its way.

In the Lords, Lord SWINTON promised a memorial plaque—probably in St. Paul's Cathedral—to Mr. "Billy" Hughes, the late and great Australian Prime Minister.

Thursday, January 22

It is a pity that so many Members for English and Scottish constituencies (possibly from false feelings of delicacy) absent themselves from the annual debates in the Commons on Welsh domestic affairs, for some of the finest Parliamentary eloquence is to be heard on these occasions. To-day's debate was no exception, and if no matter of vast importance came up, that is probably a tribute to good administration—and the well-known contentedness of the Welsh people—rather than a criticism of the ingenuity of the speakers. Sir DAVID MAXWELL-FYFE, the Home Secretary, clearly grateful to far-sighted parents for the bestowal of such an appropriate first name, was the most eloquent of them all.

Earlier, Mr. IAIN MACLEOD, Health Minister, had announced his intention to do something about London (and other) fogs—if the experts could suggest *what* to do. It was, he said, a problem of the gravest urgency. "Hear! Hear!" cried the House.

Friday, January 23

Procedure in Parliament came under review in the Commons, and some critics had scathing things to say about its antiquity and general inefficiency. But others (perhaps with a better appreciation of history) considered it not too bad. The subject is to be gone into more fully later. Your scribe, for one, will be surprised if anything really drastic is done.

House of Commons:
Procedural Fog is
Discussed



AT THE PLAY

WANTED—NEW STOCK CHARACTERS

CRITICS often complain bitterly that someone in a new play is only a stock character, as if that were a very insulting thing. I feel this shows an ungrateful attitude to a very loyal body of men and women whose job it is to make us feel at home in the theatre, and therefore all the reader to be pleased with more original excitements. Really there is nothing against stock characters as such. Most of the people in Restoration comedy are types, easily switched from one play to another; and, if it comes to that, we ourselves are out of a pretty well-thumbed card-index.

The only legitimate grouse against stock characters is their appalling longevity. Until death finally overtakes them they continue to haunt the theatre, antic shadows of the past that have no meaning in the contemporary scene. But, of course, it is playwrights who must carry the can for all this. They are far too soft-hearted. They hate to turn old faithfuls out to grass, and they have a sneaking feeling that what was good enough for Pinero must be good enough for them. Whatever the reason, this reluctance to bow to social changes long ago accepted by every member of the audience can make the theatre an eerie sort of place.

One of the hardest survivals is the myth of the green baize door. Beyond it, one is made to feel, stands an army of disciplined retainers of whom the career diplomat butler and the epigrammatic maid carrying the sandwiches are merely representatives. Occasionally a blackleg playwright will introduce a pale reflection of kitchen facts, but with the slightest encouragement young men still ring for their shoes and greasy dishes are whisked into polite limbo. As strange an anachronism is the persistently antique behaviour of old ladies. Dramatists have at last written off lace caps as a lost property, but decline to admit that for every great-grandmother found crocheting in a reminiscent coma there are now ten flogging seven-horse cars from one committee meeting to the next. Other instances teem to mind of stock characters miraculously free from income tax, bureaucratic control, or even the shortage of whisky.

That this head-in-the-sand ostrichism has continued into the middle of a social revolution makes it doubly absurd. If the playwright doodling at his desk will only turn his back when the old stock characters step forward he will find no shortage of candidates from the other side of the medal. For one,

the Senior Civil Servant clamours to be taken on. Action will not be required of him, and he will prove an immensely useful visual reminder that we have entered the Post-Carefree Age. So will the Psychoanalyst, encroaching on the field of the Vicar. The Spiv should also be engaged as an important symbolic figure, taking the place of the other captains of enterprise put out of business by the State (the kerbside edition has arrived, it is true, but we must get used to the genus in its higher flights). In the sphere of toil two fresh stock characters are urgently needed: at the top, that fascinating enigma, the Labour peer; at the bottom, the daily, only she must shed all relationship to Mrs. Mopp.

If once such key-positions were stormed I am sure the way would be open for plays full of thrilling background significance. It would quickly be assumed that a baronet, if nourished, worked in football pools, and that in every aunt's knapsack was the key to her teashop.

Recommended

The Merchant of Venice (Old Vic). John Gielgud's production of *Richard II* (Lyric, Hammersmith), with Paul Scofield. And, for a re-cap, *The Love of Four Colonels* (Wyndham's). ERIC KEOWN

at the PICTURES

Ruby Gentry—Women of Twilight

SOME aspects of the film *Ruby Gentry* (Director: KING VIDOR) tempt me to describe it as a sort of wet, or at least moist, *Duel in the Sun*. The same director, the same star, the same kind of unbridled-passions story; but the swamps of North Carolina instead of the baking deserts and rocks of the West. For a climax there is even something like the same kind of duel, fought half under water, but perhaps a little less blatant in sexual symbolism. On the other hand this is also, as *Duel in the Sun* I believe was not (or not so much), a variation on the perennially popular theme of the dominant, spectacular beauty who can do as she likes with men. She fulfils who knows how many of the secret wishes in the audience by having passionate affairs and suffering for them only in a way the secret dreamers like to think wouldn't be so bad after all: just by coming to look ravaged and interesting, miserable with a great deal of money. (I often wonder about the efficacy of the film as a propagandist force when I think of its complete inability, in thirty years of constant effort, to convince the average moviegoer that a fortune wouldn't make him happy.) A reference to this conclusion is planted at the beginning of the picture and the tale is told in flashback, presumably on the assumption that all sins to come will be safely disinfected by the audience's continual consciousness that retribution is on the way; but what audience ever makes that kind of connection? Audiences are

featherheaded, pushovers for the momentary effect; as well expect them to stifle their mirth at a hiccup when it comes from a serious character. This is essentially an "exploitation picture," designed to make money for reasons quite unconnected with its merits as a film; but as "exploitation pictures" go, it's pretty well done. JENNIFER JONES as the central figure is conventional enough—indeed, all the characters down to the Bible-quoting, doom-propheying brother are conventional; and the course of the story is conventional too. Yet there is still satisfaction to be got from (for example) the skilful handling of group scenes like those in the hunting-lodge. To people who pay attention only to the story, this will seem an absurdly trivial point; the fact remains that it is such things, in the last resort, that hold one's wandering attention.

Women of Twilight (Director: GORDON PARRY) is no more than the play by SYLVIA RAYMAN; I say this in complete confidence without having seen the play. The style seems exasperatingly stagey: never were there so many duologues presented by the simple, mechanical alternation of close-ups of the speakers. In one of the first instances here I thought I recognized a reason for this method: one speaker held a baby, which had to cry or make noises at a particular moment, and to do the scene showing more of all participants at once would probably have meant a lot of very expensive repetition till the

baby did the right things on time. But there were other such scenes without any baby; it wouldn't surprise me to hear that some of these were made with only one player on the set at once. Again, however, this is an "exploitation



[Ruby Gentry]
Ruby Gentry—JENNIFER JONES

picture": they know people will go in the (to me mystifying) hope of being pleasurably shocked, merely because it's about a lodging-house for unmarried mothers, a tremendously naughty subject. Oo! . . . The performance of VIDA HOPE as the Cockney cleaning-woman, even though the part is obviously a piece of grafted-on comic relief, is enjoyable.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The best established London programmes are still foreign: *Les Jeux Interdits* (14/1/53), *Les Sept Péchés Capitaux* (24/12/52), and *Miracolo a Milano* (10/12/52).

New releases offer nothing great. The most interesting is *The Man Who Watched Trains Go By* (7/1/53)—not real Simenon, but entertaining.

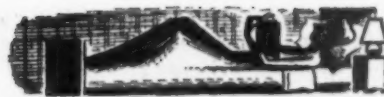
RICHARD MALLETT



[Women of Twilight]
Jean Smithson—VIDA HOPE; Helen Allstair—FREDA JACKSON



Booking Office



Ach Gott im Himmel!

Thomas Carlyle: Letters to His Wife. Edited by Trudy Bliss. Gollancz, 25/-

"If you wish for a quiet life, never you marry a dyspeptic man of genius," Jane Welsh Carlyle told one of Thackeray's daughters. Reading her letters to her husband has been like watching the singles finals at Wimbledon with half the Centre Court blacked out, for few of his replies have hitherto been published. Her display was seldom less than dazzling, but we have lacked a sufficient chance to judge the performance of her opponent, as indeed Carlyle was, in a special sense. Lady Bliss, who edited the earlier series, now gives us an ample view of the other end of the match, in *Thomas Carlyle: Letters to His Wife*. These begin in 1827, six months after marriage, and end with Jane's death in 1866. Once again Lady Bliss's editing is in every way a model; she is an umpire without bias, and her connecting narrative is concise and always helpful. The whole curious drama is laid open, though mercifully she has diverted the main stream of the castor-oil with which Carlyle alleviated his melancholy and appeased his hypochondria. Nevertheless the shadow of the sage's indigestion falls heavily on these letters.

Their chief interest lies in the intimate glimpses they offer of a marriage which has aroused so much fascinated speculation, a marriage of two brilliant neurotics. What held it together, through Jane's long jealousy of Lady Ashburton, and through all the domestic storms of Carlyle's creative periods? The answer seems to have been, simply enough, an uncommon devotion, which survived everything and which the letters bring out strongly. In her worst trials Jane was undoubtedly borne up by the veneration for genius that was a part of the Victorian attitude. Carlyle could even write "Do thou help me, my little woman; thou art worthy of that destiny; and perhaps it is appointed thee," and get away with it. At the same time Jane was never in awe of him, or slow to treat his endless grumbling with the acerbity it deserved. She was often hurt, but she understood; he was often impossible, but he could be very contrite. Even when the glamour of Lady Ashburton was strong enough to drag him away into the wildly alien atmosphere of Highland shooting-parties it remains clear that Jane still filled his life. His peasant gruffness found tenderness difficult to express, but the letters are full of rumbling affection, and of sympathy—as from one connoisseur to another—for Jane's ailments. Lady Bliss contends, I think with force, that the confident masculine tone of the early letters disproves the theory that the marriage was incomplete.

While the letters are of great interest for the further light they shed on the Carlyles' relationship, they are disappointing as the expression of a great writer's

personality. Greatness is sadly watered down by the trivialities of biliousness; and, worse than that, famous people about whom we long to hear are met with a growl of open derision. Carlyle never succeeded in resolving the attractions of the larger life with the austerity of his puritan youth. Having been brought up to believe the world a sad and awful place, he continued against the evidence of his senses to judge all men and all manners by the granite standards of Craigenputtock. With success, he became miserably torn in a tragi-comedy of native suspicion. Detesting grandeur, he yet went on staying in great houses where valets took away his trousers and the conversation of hearty sportsmen maddened him. He loathed journeys, and yet felt impelled to travel, only to dismiss foreigners with contempt and long to be at home again. It is the contempt pervading his letters that is their most wearisome, and perhaps their most significant, feature; "Ach Gott," he goes on saying, "Ach Gott im Himmel!" Not nearly so exciting as his wife's, they are only intermittently witty, and then usually with the kind of grim savagery that pinned down poor Mrs. Dilke as "a common grey-eyed eating Englishwoman, forty and fat as a sausage."

ERIC KEOWN

Purity of Diction in English Verse. Donald Davie. Chatto and Windus, 14/-

"I do not argue," writes Mr. Davie in his new volume of poetical criticism, "for a new criterion, only for an old one which has fallen out of use." This he does with erudition and piquancy, if not with



lucidity. One feels he will convince no literary jury, but might persuade some literary judges to examine in more detail the evidence he adduces for his contention that the late Augustans have been unjustly condemned for impoverishment, and that we should re-apply their standards of diction. That contemporary poets could with advantage better control both their metaphors and their diction few will deny save the poets concerned. But Mr. Davie overlooks two relevant considerations: first the change sound broadcasting has caused in the poet's use of his medium; secondly that it is not the poet who, as Mr. Davie and Mr. T. S. Eliot believe, "purifies the language of the tribe" but what Logan Pearsall Smith called the Genius of the Language itself.

R. C. S.

The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg. Edited by A. H. Vandenberg, jun. Gollancz, 25/-

From 1941 until his death in 1951 Senator Vandenberg exercised great influence upon American foreign policy as a supporter of a bi-partisan foreign policy and as one of the authors of the North Atlantic Treaty, which he regarded as America's "salvation." His honesty and candour combined with sincerity of purpose and practical idealism caused Mr. Churchill to declare that he shared with Vandenberg in "a community of soul." These extracts from his diary and correspondence ably edited by his son contain a remarkable self-portrait by a great American and are invaluable for an historian of our times. A thumb-nail sketch of Mr. Molotov reveals Vandenberg's fairness

even in appraisal of a relentless opponent—"an earnest, able man for whom I have come to have a profound respect." On his death-bed Senator Vandenberg pinned his hopes on General Eisenhower, who "will help us back on the main track of collective security," and commenting on the free nations asked "Why can't they all see that there is no security for us (or for them) except in the security of others?"

I. F. D. M.

From Candlelight to Flashlight. Filippo Ferraro. Falcon Press, 12/6

"The only smart cocktail to-day is the Martini. Sherry has outlived its short popularity. . . Burgundy is only for the gastronomic 'high-brow.'" What makes these words so specially terrible is the fact that Ferraro wrote them—Ferraro, whose advice has long been unquestioned by young *bons vivants* for whom this great master of the Berkeley (not the Hunt, of course) was infallible in all matters of eating, drinking and such other business as properly concerns a restaurant manager. To assess a wine by its modishness! To encourage gin before dinner! To decry the drinking of Burgundy! But there: let the "gastronomic high-brow" rage, Ferraro was a superb artist of the restaurant, and if his autobiography is disappointingly short of shop and overloaded with names—"smart" names—there will be many who will read it if only from motives of piety or nostalgia. They will find Signor Ferraro's Ferraro not much unlike their own.

B. A. Y.

SHORTER NOTES

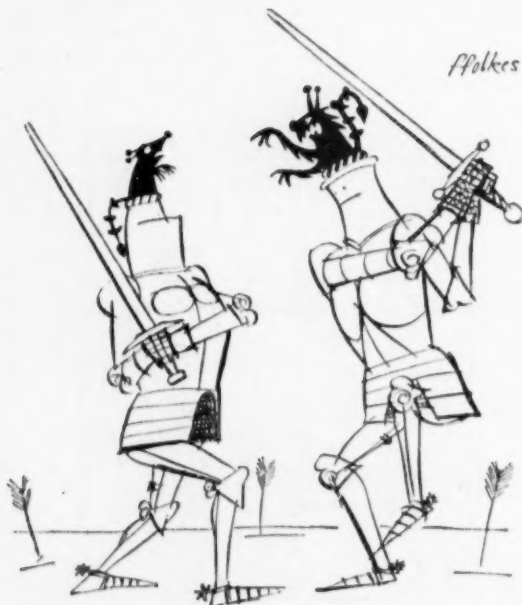
John Wycliffe and the Beginnings of English Non-conformity. K. B. McFarlane. *English Universities Press*, 7/6. The ecclesiastical policy of the late mediaeval state is a blank in most history books. Mr. McFarlane's lively introduction to the period (in the "Teach Yourself History" series) shows how Church and State acted and interacted when faced with a peculiarly indigestible heretic and his followers. He takes an unfavourable view of Wycliffe and attacks the "Morning star of the Reformation" legend. Much new information about the Lollards and Sir John Oldcastle's rising. Model work of popularization by leading specialist on the period.

Hope in Africa. C. J. M. Alport. *Herbert Jenkins*, 15/-. A concise survey of the history of British colonization in Africa and an appreciation of the problems now facing the Commonwealth territories there (though Mau Mau seems to have arrived too late for consideration). Comprehensive and cogent, and written with a tonic sense that the African Empire is a matter for pride and not for apologetic embarrassment.

Stars in the Water. John Appleby. *Werner Laurie*, 10/6. Beginning with a leisurely ordinariness humming with nameless unease this short novel of domestic jealousy develops and sustains a stimulating acceleration, skirting improbability with such skill that when the shot rings out on page 177 it seems as horribly dreamlike as it would in one's own drawing-room. Acute observation, rounded characters, watertight situations.

The Eleventh at War. Brigadier Dudley Clarke, C.B.E. *Michael Joseph*, 42/-. A long and detailed, but never dull, account of the activities of the 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own) from 1934 until the end of the recent war. Told with verve and with obviously close and loving knowledge, and luxuriantly embellished with photographs and maps. A fine testimonial to the greatest of all armoured car regiments.

The Iron Mistress. Paul I. Wellman. *Werner Laurie*, 15/-. Rip-roaring melodrama of old Texas—border warfare, gambling, slave trading, duelling—with James Bowie (inventor of the Bowie knife) and his exotic girl friends as the chief characters. Just the book to take with a hot toddy for a January cold.





"You must read it—don't let the first few volumes put you off."

WINTER TOUR

STACKLEY is well worth a visit. The Edmundson Rope Works, Luke Soil's Ring o' Bells, the Empire, the Upper Floodgate Assembly Rooms, and the tiny Cinderlake Park (take a No. 40 bus and ask the conductor to set you down at the end of Tannery Hill Road) all lie within easy striking distance of the Station Hotel. (Notice the curious smell of old gravy in the lounge of the latter: it must be quite unique, I think, in this part of the country, and Hobson, the deaf waiter in boots, almost certainly is.)

The Empire itself (it has a change of programme each week, by the way—a point worth noting if you plan a prolonged stay) stands at the very top of Station Hill, and was at one time the Theatre Royal. Here the same tour of *The Desert Song* played the same week in October for fourteen years running, and the steam-driven revolving stage is still to be seen. Not thirty yards away, on the left-hand side of Smith Row, next door to Mrs. Ramage's quaint

second-hand clothes shop, is the Elite Café (closed Sundays). Make a point of testing their Special 2/1d. Three Course Lunch, which includes tea or coffee, brown or white bread and "butter," and a choice of several interesting salads. (Pay at the desk.)

Cinderlake Park, at the beginning of one of the larger suburbs, is an open space of just under half an acre. Try not to miss the cast-iron statue of L. Cinderlake, three times mayor of Stackley and inventor of a non-inflammable hearth-brush. Here, of course, you are on the outskirts of the Bottled Lemonade district, and almost any of the numerous fish-and-chip shops will offer a tempting selection. Try the Maye Fayre Supper Bar—their peas, cooked on a gas-ring before your very eyes, are a revelation, and (always a point worth remembering) they do not water their vinegar. If you arrive early (just before closing-time is perhaps the best) you may get a seat in the popular little back

room. Here the chips and "rock-salmon" are served on round white plates with interesting forks, and the salt-cellars (an amusing fad of the proprietor's!) are chained to the tables. Music until eleven (generally the Light Programme). As you go out, note the small bust of Stalin on the top shelf among the jars of pickled onions—almost a collector's item, these days! (No frying Tuesdays, by the way.)

In Stackley itself, the Upper Floodgate Assembly Rooms are a "must." In turn a Wesleyan chapel, a silent cinema, a furniture repository, a cardboard-box factory, a working men's club, and a *palais de danse*, this narrow, dark-grey building is the only one of its kind with a corrugated iron roof, with the possible exception of the Super Billiard Hall at High Gravel. The Saturday night Olde Tyme dances to Chuck Weever and his Dixie Barmypots (2/- inc. refreshments, positively no readmission) are unusual enough to merit a visit,

although it is not advisable to leave your handbag under your chair during the Moonlight Saunter. Just around the corner you will find the famous Arnold's Milk Bar, where the egg or sausage with chips or mashed must be seen to be believed. A reasonably clean cup will always be provided if you mumble something about the Ministry of Food, but not more than half a portion of coffee should be drunk at any one time; these local concoctions take some getting used to! (Gentlemen usually keep their hats on, and it is an unwritten law that the tune on the juke-box is only changed on the first Monday of each month. No gratuities, no back-answers, no tick, and no ash-trays.)

Perhaps the best view of the Edmundson Rope Works can be obtained from the left bank of the Canal, although I have heard it said that from the top deck of a number 7 tram, if it is held up by horses and

carts in Back Adder Street, you can see right into the manager's office. (It is at the Edmundson Rope Works, of course, that Edmundson Ropes are made.) While in this vicinity, drop into the Ring o' Bells. Here, in the big Singing Room beyond the lounge, many a Northern comic started on the ladder of fame; and here, almost any Friday night, you may hear the same stories being told, in the same inimitable way, by other Northern comics starting on the ladder of fame. Try a glass of "mixed" (half bitter, half mild), and make a point of tasting a bag of "crisps"—a novel dish, eaten with the fingers. (Those in the know usually ask for a "sack of spuds," or "a jockey's dinner." See if you can invent a new name—the locals are not slow to appreciate real wit, even from a "foreigner"!)

Unless you plan to stay the night (this has been done on

several occasions) you should leave yourself plenty of time to catch the ten-fifty-five to Slagg Junction. Here it is often possible to pick up a train going south, and Nelly, the red-haired girl in charge of the Third Class waiting room tea-urn (note the real wooden panelling) has many a cheery tale to tell about her auntie's fibrositis. (Cross the bridge to get to Platform 2).

If you go by car, leave Stackley by Lower Canal Street, and turn sharp left at the Municipal Baths. Passing the Gas Works on your right, you will soon find yourself on Rumbold Moor (1800 ft.). Get out of the car and look back at the blurred lights of Stackley far below, winking in the rain. Hear the faint whine of the No. 22 tram as it grinds along to the terminus beyond the cemetery. Get back in the car. If you can remember a song, sing it. And drive like hell.

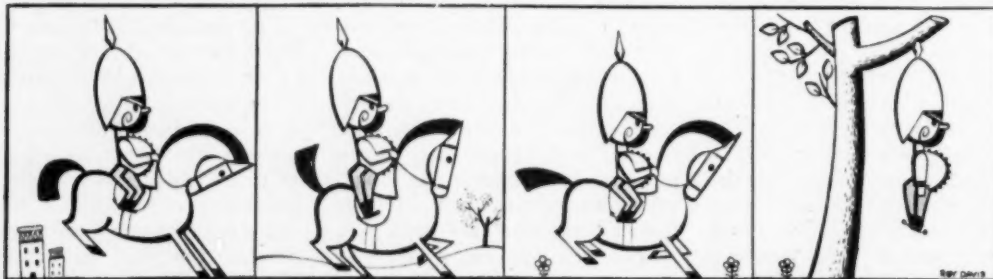
ALEX ATKINSON

REUNION

THEY have put by me here
The only other member of my Year,
To make me feel at home, no doubt;
I feel Put Out.
I thought but little of him then
And now I'm thinking it again.
It seems that he's a mine of information
About our generation—
And sitting by or even on a mine
Is not my notion of the way to dine.
I have just learned
That Smithers has been quietly inurned;
That Prendergast
By all accounts is sinking fast;

Zombie Dyson has to live on toast;
Beale's deaf as a post
And keeps a milk bar near the Great Karroo.
My old friend Bax
Got into serious trouble (income tax);
Andrews went into partnership with Weems—
Unhappily, it seems . . .
He's fine, he says (unasked), sound as a bell,
And all three of his firms are doing well.
With this he ends;
He has to rise and give us "Absent Friends."

I've never drunk a toast before
To people that I've envied more.



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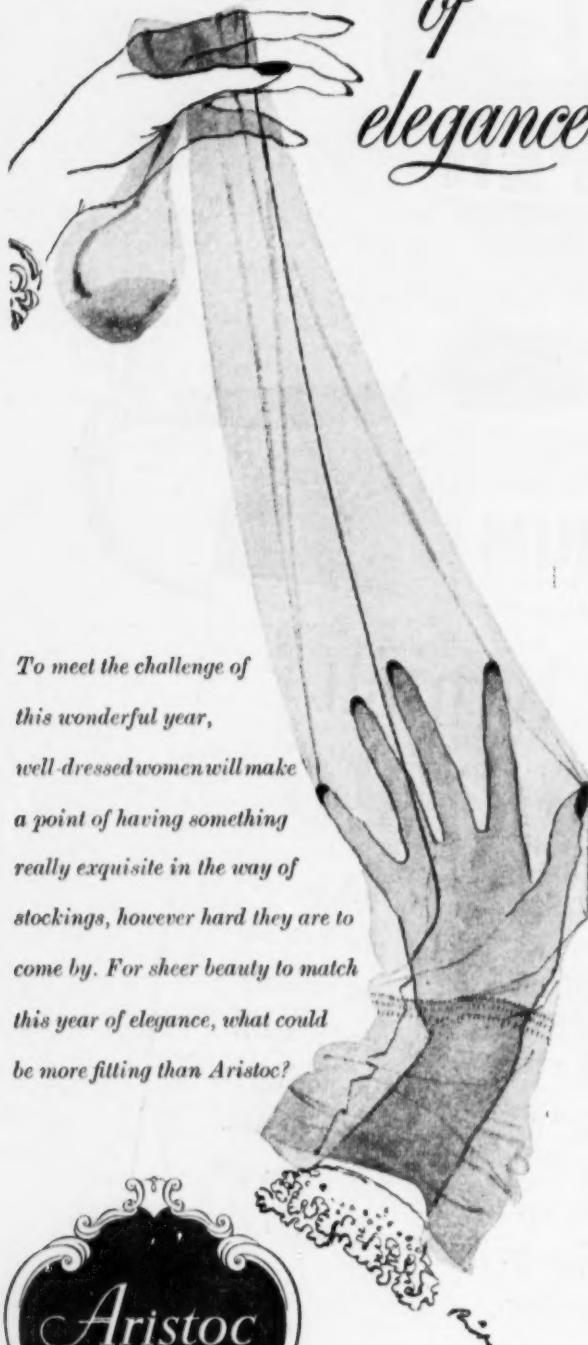
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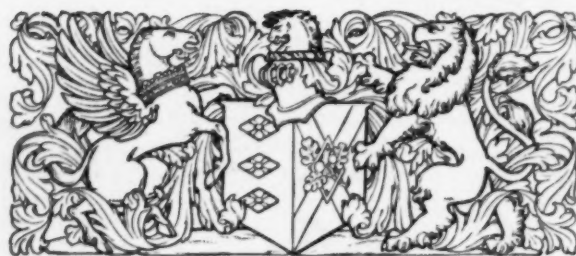
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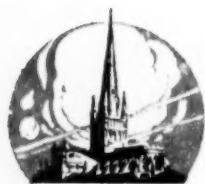


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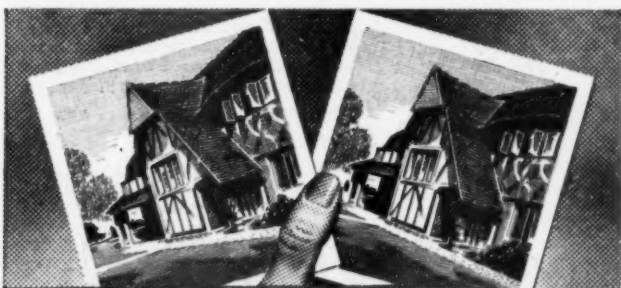
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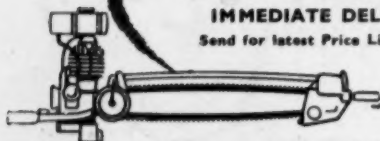
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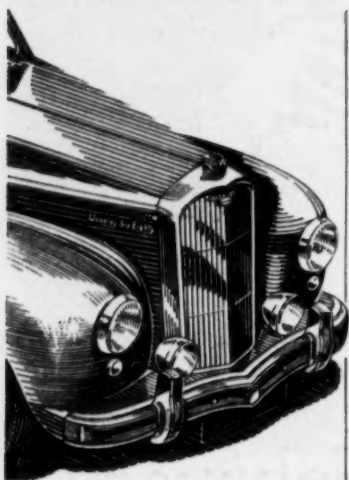
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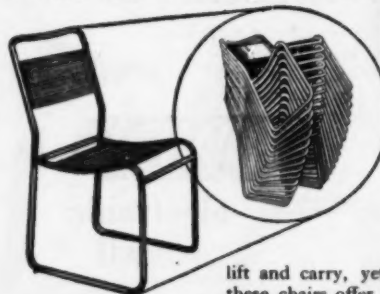
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The Professor of Milan[★]

THE Professor went swimming off Capri and he swam wearing his wrist-watch. It was waterproof—perfectly safe to swim with.

But then—calamity! The strap buckle was loose, and it came undone. Vainly the professor tried to save his watch; sadly he saw it twinkle and disappear into the green depths of the sea. And he returned to shore convinced that his watch was gone for ever.

But back on shore, he remembered the divers. They were working on sunken ships close to where he had been swimming. He asked them to keep an eye open for his watch.

The next time they dived, a week later, they remembered that request, and looked around for the watch. And—yes, they found it, and brought it gingerly to the surface.

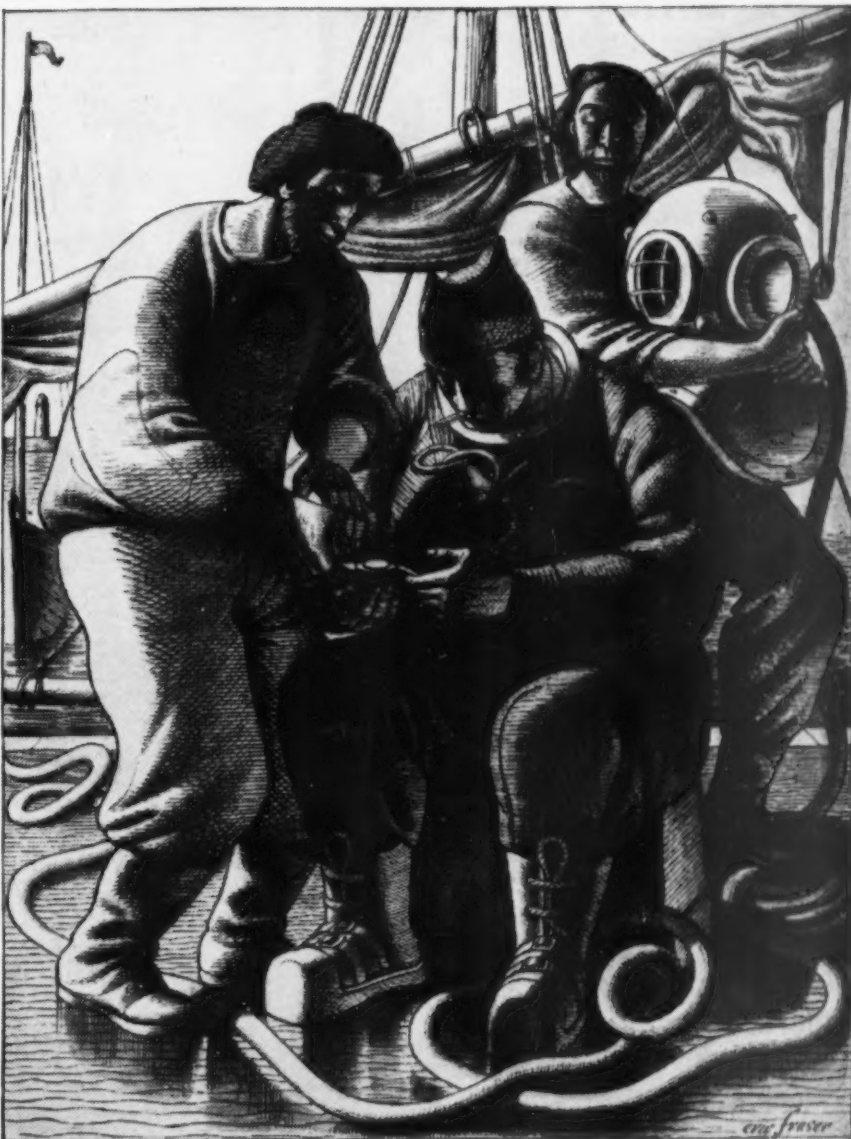
And when on dry land they examined it, they gazed at it in stupefaction. For the watch that had lain on the sea bed a whole week was still keeping perfect time.

Incredible? Not at all. The watch was a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. The waterproof Oyster case had protected the movement from salt water and the clinging, insidious sand, and the Rolex Perpetual self-winding mechanism had kept it wound. The Rolex Rotor, the secret of the success of the Perpetual, does not work on the "jerk" principle. A complete semi-circle of metal, rotating on its axis, it turns and spins at the slightest movement. And in this case, it was the gentle motion of the sea that actuated it!

Well, that's what happened to one particular Rolex watch. And the professor got his watch back unharmed. But now, he's careful when he goes swimming. For next time, there may be no divers to find it!

Doesn't apply to you? You're not likely to drop your watch in the Mediterranean? True—but all watches have enemies—dust damp, dirt, perspiration—and the sort of watch that will tell the time at the bottom of the sea will hardly be affected by ordinary hazards. And remember that the Rolex Perpetual isn't self-winding just to save you the trouble of winding it up. A self-winding watch tends to be more accurate than a hand-wound watch because the tension on the mainspring is much more even, much more constant. Yes, a Rolex Perpetual is made to be accurate and stay accurate.

★ This is a true story, taken from a letter written by the professor concerned (Professor Cutoio of Milan University) to the Rolex Watch Company. The original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company, 18 Rue du Marché, Geneva, Switzerland.



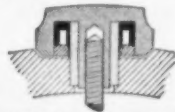
"They found it and brought it gingerly to the surface. And when on dry land they held it in their hands they gazed at it with stupefaction."



The Rolex Oyster Perpetual—truly a monarch among watches. The astonishingly accurate movement, perfectly protected by the Oyster case, is given added precision by the self-winding mechanism. The tension on the mainspring is much more even and overwinding is impossible.



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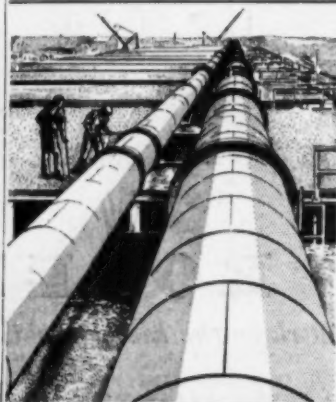
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To secure tomato purée of a new high standard, Heinz field men have worked with farmers in Northern Italy to produce tomatoes that have less fibre, more juicy flesh. This has included, among other things, the introduction of field laboratories where, by the use of scientific instruments, it is possible to see on the spot the practical effects of the theories involved.



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HEINZ (57)

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